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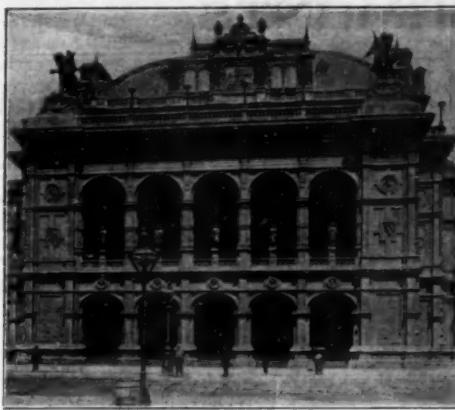
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VIENNA OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
Vöslau, Flora Strasse 141, Villa Belvedere,
August 25, 1897.

DRAMA AND NEW BOOKS.
(Continued.)

SINCE 1891 Vienna seems to show an advance both in the spirit and the understanding. Ibsen is in Vienna, as elsewhere, the only hope of our decadence. He sends a wholesome, purifying current of air through the putrefying atmosphere. He doeth good like a medicine. "What in 1891," says the *Fremdenblatt*, "had a proportionately strange ring now sounds self-evident. It is a change and a development that speaks well for the spiritual and intellectual life of the present. This is by way of prelude to the last night's performance of Ibsen's *Folksfeind*, a première at the Raimund Theatre. The play was given three years ago at the Berg Theatre, and the critics say that the remembrance of the first performance loses nothing by its reproduction at the Raimund Theatre; so strong was the play, so effective and impressive its representation, that we expected the Regisseur or someone to come upon the idea so at the very tip of suggestiveness of appearing on behalf of the author and give thanks adequate and suitable."

As Stockmann, Roeder, who has been until now active in Brunn and who supplies now the place of Ranzenberg, appeared last night for the first time in the title role. His impersonation was most brilliant and his art of acting, his effective distinction between speaking and acting, won him warm approval and appreciation from all sides. Roeder knows how to express harmoniously the "within and without" of character, and has the gift of laying it bare before the eye like a revelation. Speaking of Ibsen, I hear that John Gabriel Borkman is soon to be given in Paris and probably next in Vienna.

To-day the first of the Auzengruber Cyclus, the Vienna Christmas comedy, Heinig Funden, will be given in the Volks Theatre. The little Fr. Cecile Schuplu, from the same theatre, so prominent as a juvenile player and in children's roles, is now engaged as guest at the Weigi Theatre in Meidling. If I mistake not it is she whom the gifted young Frau Hohenfels was personally instructing, and who showed so much talent in Konigskinder last winter. She appears in the Little Lord.

Duse is expected here in December, and will appear on the 6th, 8th and 10th of that month.

The little soprano Minnie Milton was invited to take the title role in Konigskinder by the direction of the Theatre an der Wien, to supply the place of Hohenfels, but her engagements conflicted. Tausend und eine Nacht is running in the Jantsch Theatre.

I meant to have said before that of the Auzengruber Cyclus, Stahl und Stein und Der Fleck auf der Ehr will be given on Saturday, the 28th, and Monday, the 30th, respectively, in the Volks Theatre.

I notice a new edition (revised and re-edited by the author) of Hanslick's From the Concert World, from 1848 to 1868, in Vienna. I have not yet looked it through carefully, but hope soon to do so; also the sixth volume of Jubilee Pracht Werk fifty years of the Court Theatre. Frederike Boyaar, Josephine Wesselz, Ludwig Gabillon, Leopoldine Loscher, Frederike Gopmann, with illustrations by Duschnitze and Rafael Kirchner, appear in this volume. Rudolph Lothar edits the Burg Theatre part of the book. Such has been the demand for this book that the edition is already exhausted and a second one ordered, which will appear early in September.

I omitted to mention that a new theatre is about to be built in Vienna in the Wahring district, to be called the Franz Josef Theatre. A site valued at 200,000 florins has been voted by the town council for the purpose.

Lumpaci Vagabanders is the next novelty (a farce) at the Raimund Theatre.

Baden Theatre is doing well. All the latest operettas are given, and last night the Kunstler Abend was a brilliant affair. Schlager sang a number of songs and the

Duke Frederick with his family were present. The little duchess, one of the children, comes in the court carriage to the "bad" here in Voslau, and she, with her attendants, attracts much attention, as the representative of the Hapsburger royalty learns swimming with all the other bathers.

* * *

I wish to say a word to American students who are making their plans to study in Vienna the coming year.

Please understand it is no invitation, no urging, no "boom," no "scheme," it is simply good advice to those either who are already here or who are coming here to study and have already laid their plans for doing so, and it is more than that—it is appreciation of a teacher who is the one teacher here I know, Fr. Prentuer, who understands the art of pedagogy. I mean the one principle of the art of teaching above all others, viz., that of working from within outward; that art of teaching which seeks first to find what is already in the brain and then to develop, expand and unfold it, cultivate and nourish it and give it a chance to grow of itself so far as possible; self-expansion, self-development.

One who knows how to put a suggestion before the mind clearly, and leave it there to work itself out; who knows how to teach the pupil to trust himself—to have confidence (with humility) in himself, courage and unfaltering perseverance, which Benjamin the artist has truly said are the first requisite qualities of a successful artist. That teacher (?) may be a great artist, but no teacher after all, who begins with the assumption that you know nothing and manages to give you the feeling somehow that you never will; who works from an outside standpoint, who is sure to drive everything out of your mind in his or her attempts to drive everything in at once; who seeks to laden and confuse and weary the brain by endeavoring to teach a hundred different details at the same time, before she has prepared you gradually to accomplish such a feat; who regards herself or himself as the only artist and seeks to impress the pupil with the utter impossibility of being such an one himself; who consciously or unconsciously puts pedantry above music and kills the spirit in insisting upon the letter, even to the point of discouraging and depressing the pupil out of all mood and humor in displaying his real abilities.

I should advise students in the preparatory stage to avoid such a teacher and to go to one who understands how to teach, like Fr. Prentuer, and who not only understands teaching and has remarkable exercises for developing the hand, but who is an artist whom Hanslick described and criticised as a "highly cultivated" one and whose interpretations are "eminently musical." Hanslick declared that "her artistic qualities ennobled all her performances," and both he and Kalbeck and the critic in her native town, Brunn, where her father was Regierungsrath, seem not to be able to express themselves adequately, both in their enthusiastic praise of her musical feeling as well as of her colossal, brilliant technic.

To me it appears that the most one can say of Pientuer is that to study with her is to know and appreciate her fully. Moreover, Fr. Reutner is a lady of whom no one has anything to "pardon" or "forgive" because of her "artistic temperament"—a Jenny Lind in character and without reproach. In Europe it is truly refreshing to find a teacher, an artist and a lady in the best sense of the word all in one. And this is a humble tribute of appreciation from one who has learned to know and admire her during a summer vacation in Voslau.

It seems to me, moreover, that there must be lack of appreciation or something in anyone who has studied with her and not "discovered" her, so to speak, to be an artist whom even the great Brahms desired to give personal instruction. "Geringsschätzen" or "depreciate" seems to be the password among would-be critics. What has become of the lost art of appreciation?

F. POTTER-FRISSELL.

New Music.—In the September number of the catalogue of Breitkopf & Härtel, under the heading of Forthcoming Books, is a suite miniature by THE MUSICAL COURIER'S Berlin correspondent, Otto Floersheim. It bears the title of "Liebesnovelle für Grosses Orchester." It consists of six short movements, none of which takes up more than two minutes' time. Delicacy, grace and piquancy, very skillful workmanship and effective instrumentation make this new work a valuable addition to musical literature. The *Musikalischer Wochenblatt*, of Leipzig, says that the most charming parts are the sweet little valse gracieuse auf dem ballet and the almost passionate gestaendnis.

The Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory.—The Klindworth-Scharwenka Conservatory at Berlin has just published its annual report of the curriculum for 1896-7, from which we see that the institution is in a most gratifying and flourishing condition. The total number of pupils amounted to 357 paying and sixteen stipendiaries, who were instructed free of charge. Lessons are given by twenty-eight male and sixteen female teachers. Newly engaged are Miss Lina Beck, for many years a teacher at Stockhausen's vocal school at Frankfort-on-the-Main; furthermore Herr Lüdemann, royal chamber musician, for violoncello lessons, and Fr. H. Galfy for operatic finishing lessons.

Music of Dance Rhythm.

THE revival of ancient music, which has been all the vogue in Paris during the last two years, thanks to Messrs. Diemer and Delsart and their Société des Instruments Anciens, has made us more or less familiar with the terms Pavane, Courante, Passepied, Chaconne, Sarabande, Bourrée, Rigaudon, Minuet, Gavotte, &c., and with many a fascinating page by Bach, Rameau, Couperin, Daquin, Scarlatti and others.

The origin of these compositions (which were written for dances corresponding with their names) is perhaps less well known, and as this music is essentially characteristic it may be as well to know something of its why and wherefore in order to execute it in the right spirit.

In the earlier centuries (taking example from King David dancing before the Ark, we presume) the dance formed a considerable item in the functions of the Church. On certain festivals—Easter for one—rounds were danced during the singing of the hymn O Filii et Filiis inside the churches. A bishop who possessed land on the shores of the Baltic made this land a present to a little company of peasants—that is to say, as much of the ground as they could encompass by joining hands and dancing round in a ring. A town was built on this ground and named Dantzig, or the "town of the dance."

From religious functions these dances found their way into other and more worldly gatherings; and in 1560, at the time of the Council of Trent, we find the first mention made of a ball given by the Cardinal Bishop of Mantua, in which Philip II. and all the reverend fathers of the Council took part "with as much modesty as decorum," in a dance which, from its description, was probably the Pavane. In the sixteenth century we read that there were two kinds of dances—the slow, solemn and somewhat melancholy, called the danses nobles, such as the Pavanes, Gavottes, &c., danced at court and "by those who respect themselves" (according to Tabouret, in his "Orchésographie"), and the Basses Danses, such as the Baladine, Bourrée, Villanelle and others of a less refined nature indulged in by the peasantry and lower classes. The object of the danse noble was to show off the body in a series of harmonious attitudes calculated to display its proportions at their best, to execute steps with grace and lightness, all these movements subjected as regards rhythm and precision to certain sounds invented for this purpose upon musical instruments.

The Pavane, from the very commencement of the sixteenth century, seems to have been the type of the danse noble, being the dance appointed in preference to any other for royal pageants, processions, weddings of the nobility, &c. In Spain it formed a part of the ecclesiastical functions on all solemn occasions. It is supposed to have originated in Italy, and consisted of a sort of slow march backward and forward, "the cavaliers vested in long robes with cloak and sword, and the ladies in flowing garments let out to their full extent, with long trains, which trains were sometimes held up by young damsels, their eyes modestly cast down and their whole demeanor marked by gravity and decorous bashfulness!" (We can easily understand that steps danced in the above costume had needs be stately and slow.)

The musical instruments used for accompanying the dancers and the couples sung by one or more voices were the spinnet, the oboe, the flute and the tambourine. Catherine de Medici excelled in the Pavane, we are told. A variety was introduced later from Spain, invented by Hernandez Cortés on his return from America, in which the cavaliers kept on their coats of mail and war trappings, while the ladies held their cloaks in such fashion as to simulate the outspread feathers of a peacock's tail, hence the name Pavane, from pavo, peacock.

Another dance in vogue in the sixteenth century was the Courante, of which the measure was quicker than the Pavane, while retaining the same stateliness of movements, and which reached the height of its popularity in the seventeenth century, Louis XIV. preferring it to all others. The Courantes, by Bach and Rameau, are the most celebrated. This dance was finally dethroned by the Minuet, which was brought from Poitou, and derived its name from the tiny steps with which it was danced. Its characteristics we read in the Grande Encyclopédie are "an elegant and noble simplicity. The movement is moderate rather than fast, and indeed we may say that it is the least lively of dances."

In the eighteenth century it was the rage everywhere—at court, in town and country wherever there was a gathering of polite society. In 1653 Louis XIV. danced a Minuet set to music for him by Lulli. Others, airs written by Exaudet and Fischer followed, and finally every composer of merit adopted the Minuet as a form of musical idea from Beethoven, Mozart, Grétry, Gartel, down to the writers of our own day, introducing it not only into operas and ballets, but also into symphonies, sonatas and various kinds of musical composition. In the eighteenth century it was held that the sight of a beautiful woman dancing the Minuet was sufficient to turn the heads of all spectators. Marie Antoinette danced the Minuet with consummate grace and made it the height of fashion, together with the Gavotte.

The Gavotte dates from the sixteenth century, when it was

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(Article 6.)

THE question of registers naturally falls in this part of the discussion. This is a subject which has needlessly caused a great deal of confusion in the minds of teachers and singers, because with proper production there is no such thing as registers.

Registers are usually defined as a series of tones produced by the same mechanism. That is, we use a certain set of muscles to raise the pitch through the lowest part of the voice. When we get to a certain part of the voice these muscles are no longer capable of raising the pitch, and we have to bring in the use of other muscles. The change from one set of muscles to another necessitates a break in the voice, and these breaks mark the boundaries of the different registers. We have just seen that in the proper mechanism, or where the intrinsic muscles are allowed to control the cords entirely, the shortening and lessening of the weight of the cords are produced by the action of the vocal (thyro-arytenoidens) muscle. See Figs. 10, 11 and 12, article 5.

While the increased tension is brought about by the crico-thyroid muscle, the use of which is to tilt the cricoid on the thyroid cartilage (see Fig. 18, article 5). Moreover, these muscles are acting all the time. These two muscles should control the pitch entirely, the pitch depending upon the amount of contraction or relaxation of these. There is then no change in the mechanism, and therefore no breaks in the voice and no registers.

When we say that there are registers, it simply means that there is a faulty mechanism or bad production. When any teacher or any writer attempts to explain the formation of registers, it is proof positive that he is explaining a false mechanism or method, because with the correct mechanism there is no such thing. What does Dr. Curtis' book say about pitch and registers? I confess that this has been the most difficult part of the book to criticise on

danced to a rather quick measure. This, however, was exchanged in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for the stiff and sedate "danse noble" par excellence, as described by Fertault in his *Histoire de la Danse* as "the charming daughter of the minuet, sometimes sprightly, but oftener tender and slow, in which many are the kisses taken and the nosegays given." The most celebrated Gavottes were those set to music by Gluck and Grétry, and these were performed at the theatre only, until Marie Antoinette set the fashion of introducing them into private drawing rooms, herself dancing Grétry's Gavotte from his opera of *Cephise et Procris* with her usual charm. There was an attempt made to revive the Gavotte after the Reign of Terror, but both music and figures were found antiquated and savored too much of courtly etiquette for tastes debased by the Carmagnole and other plebeian forms of amusement.

The Chaconne, according to some authors, was invented by a blind musician (*cieco*, hence *ciaccona*), and was brought from Italy by *Marie de Medici* in 1600 on her marriage with Henri Quatre. By others (among whom was Cervantes) it is held to be of Spanish origin, and was the national dance of the negro and mulatto brought into Spain from the West Indies, and introduced at the court of Philip II., where the sedate Castilians transformed its nature, and it became one of the danses nobles, under which denomination it had great vogue also at the courts of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. of France. Finally it grew to be considered slow and monotonous, and was abandoned, the airs only (by Lulli, Bertoni, Rameau, Floquet, &c.) continuing to find favor as they have done down to the present day.

The Sarabande, also of Spanish origin, was somewhat less grave and stately than the Chaconne. It flourished during the seventeenth century alone, and was so popular that to profess admiration for the Sarabande was a sure way to court favor, we are told by Voiture, Ménage, Madame de Sevigné, &c. Ninon de l'Enclos is said to have been one of its best exponents, dancing it with a grace all her own and accompanying herself, with castanets to a slow undulating movement. It found great favor also at the English

court under Charles II., the courtiers priding themselves on following French customs, and was often accompanied by the guitar. The Sarabande may be compared to a slow, gliding, melancholy Gavotte.

The Passepied, Madame de Sevigné's favorite dance, was performed with a quickstep, but was nevertheless classed among the minuets, but a very lively minuet with a series of intricate figures.

The Bourrée, hailing from Auvergne, was another merry dance brought into court favor by Marguerite de Valois, who was styled the finest dancer in the kingdom of France and enjoyed great popularity from 1665 till the reign of Louis XIII., although savoring too much of the peasant's dance to find the way to the opera. The airs written for it were short and lively, the time very distinctly marked, and repeating over and over again without a break.

Much of a similar nature was the Loure, Musette and Tricotets, in the tunes of which we seemed to hear the click of the peasant's heavy shoes marking the time, and which derived their names from the musical instruments used. The Rigaudon was a sprightly dance, which came from Marseilles, and was well in accordance with the nature of the people. The Farandole and Olivette, also from Provence, were lively quicksteps. The Villanelle, of Italian origin, was also a rustic dance, as were the Gaillarde, the Canarie, the Branle, the Bocane, the Trihor, &c., which made less mark than those mentioned above, from the music composed for them being of a more primitive nature and not containing sufficient merit to hand them down to posterity.

H. R.

Louis V. Saar.—Mr. Louis V. Saar sails from Hamburg, Germany, to-morrow on the Augusta Victoria for New York. He will at once resume his work as music critic and instructor.

Franz X. Arens.—Mr. Franz X. Arens, who has been very active in the musical world of the West and who is well known in Europe and America as a most thorough-going musician, is in the city at present, stopping at the Gerlach.

account of so much obscurity and so many contradictions. The only conclusion I can come to is that the author himself has no definite ideas on the subject; therefore it is impossible for anyone else to divine his meaning.

Take, for example, his statements in regard to the action of the vocal (thyro-arytenoids) muscle. On page 38 we find: "We have seen that owing to the manner in which the thyro-arytenoid muscles pull upon the arytenoid cartilages the vocal cords are pulled down and relaxed by that muscle." Page 41: "Now the greatest increase of tension is caused by the action of the crico-thyroid muscle, but some slight tension is also brought about by the contraction of these fibres of the internal thyro-arytenoid muscles, which are attached in front to the vocal cord and behind to the vocal process of the arytenoid cartilage, the result being to tighten that division of the cords in front of their attachment to the vocal processes."

On page 45: "Hence we would consider the function of the thyro-arytenoids to be entirely the production of a suitable enlargement or contraction of the edge of the vibrating plates, and that they have little if anything to do with the tension of the vocal cords."

If the author really means that the cords are vibrating plates, then we would have to call the voice a xylophone or a pair of cymbals. Again on page 190: "We should liken the action of the thyro-arytenoid muscles in limiting the vibrating surface of the vocal cords to that of the wire which is used in some organ pipes to press against the reed to lengthen or shorten it, and thus vary its rate of vibration." This is illustrated by a diagram, Fig. 14, page 129 (see Fig. 14).



FIG. 14.

All this seems very perplexing. First the author says that these muscles relax the cords, then he says that they tighten the cords, and again he says that they have nothing to do with the tension of the cords, and finally that they act like the wire which is used to tune reed pipes by lengthening or shortening the reed. If the vocal cord is a reed, why talk about tension at all, as tension has nothing to do with the pitch of a reed? It is possible for only one of these statements to be true, and it would be interesting to know which one the author wishes us to accept. Again, as the vocal muscle has permanent attachments it is difficult to conceive how it could be slid along the surface of the cords as indicated in Fig. 14.

Moreover, if the vocal cord is a reed, as the author so often states, of what possible use is the action of the crico-thyroid muscle in raising the pitch when tension has nothing to do with the pitch of a reed? In fact we find these two contradictory statements (that the vocal cord is a reed and that its pitch is raised by increased tension) going hand in hand through the whole book from the chapter on anatomy to the so-called voice figures. How is it possible for anything but confusion of ideas to result from such writing as this?

There is another idea advanced in this book in regard to pitch which is new to me and entirely opposed to all established principles of physics, and that is that the strength of the air blast varies the pitch of the tone produced. On page 42 we find: "To raise the pitch the strength of the expiratory blast must be increased, for, as we have seen, the pitch of the tone depends upon the strength of the expiratory blast, whether the increased pressure be produced by pain or intentionally for the purpose of creating a higher tone."

I think that all will admit that the "air blast" bears just the same relation to the vocal cords as the violin bow does to the string. The author does not wish us to understand him to say that bowing a violin string strongly will produce a higher pitch than if it were bowed lightly. The

only difference would be in the intensity and carrying power of the tone. The pitch would certainly remain the same. The same law must apply to the vocal cords, otherwise we could not crescendo a tone without at the same time raising the pitch. Again, if to produce a high tone required a powerful blast of air it would be utterly impossible to sing a high tone softly, and the result would be the higher the pitch the stronger the tone.

On page 140 we find: "The respiration should be so regulated that the greatest amplitude of vibration of the cords be produced with the least possible air blast." As the amplitude of the vibration of the cords depends entirely upon the strength of the air blast, it is difficult to see how we can get great amplitude of vibration of the cords without a strong air blast. As I have explained before, what we do desire is air waves of large amplitude without the wide swing of the cords, and this can only be accomplished by the proper use of the resonance cavities. Will either Dr. Curtis or Mr. Brown explain how it is possible to get great amplitude of vibration of the cords without a strong expiratory blast?

The chapter which Dr. Curtis devotes to registers is a mass of contradictions and absurdities. It is in this chapter that he quotes most of his authorities, from Mancini, writing in 1774, to the great Morell Mackenzie. All these authorities advocate from two to five registers. Even Mackenzie, who was supposed to be an authority on the voice, says: "There are essentially two registers, one, *the chest*, in which the pitch is raised by means of increasing tension of the vocal cords; the other, *the head*, in which a similar result is brought about by a shortening of the vibrating reed." He thinks that the terms long reed and short reed would serve well enough to express the fundamental differences in the mechanism of the voice.

Here again we meet with the absurd statement that the pitch of a reed is controlled by tension. All the other authorities make statements which are equally inconsistent, so that we can place little confidence in any of them. In fact Dr. Curtis himself says, page 114: "We have contented ourselves with this general statement since the revelations of the laryngo-stroboscope have disproved the various theories advanced by the various writers."

Let us see now what the laryngo-stroboscope has revealed to Dr. Curtis in regard to registers. On page 115 we find the following statements: "For convenience we assume that there are three registers which need to be considered in training the human voice." "But we believe that there are but two distinct mechanisms." "We are, however, convinced that one mechanism may be cultivated throughout the whole compass of the voice."

On page 117: "In very highly trained voices, moreover, a fourth register or falsetto may be developed, which has always a beautifully clear, bird-like quality, and in such cases the column of air is probably quartered." On pages 182 and 183, Figs. 36 and 37 (see Figs. 15 and 16), Dr.

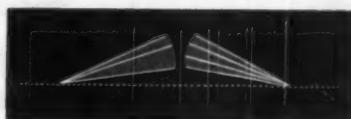


FIG. 15.

Curtis gives some diagrams representing the action of the vocal cords as seen by the stroboscope. Let us analyze these diagrams, and see just what they mean. "Fig. 36—Vibration of the vocal cords in the chest register in transverse section" (see Fig. 15).

This motion of the cords could only produce one pitch. Does the author wish us to understand that the chest register is composed of but one pitch? "Fig. 37—Vibration of vocal cords in the upper register in transverse section" (see Fig. 16). In regard to the upper diagram in Fig. 16 the author states: "The vocal cord is thus divided into two unequal segments, and its movement may again be likened

to the transverse vibration of a rod fixed at one end where at three-quarters its length a node has been developed."

This diagram then is intended to represent the motion of a reed in producing its first overtone. The pitch represented by this action of the cord would be a little above the fifth of the second octave above the pitch represented in Fig. 15. Does the author wish us to understand that the chest register includes these eighteen tones? If so, how are these eighteen tones produced and where do the other three registers come in?

The lower diagram of Fig. 16 represents the action of a reed while producing its fundamental and first overtone at the same time; that is it vibrates as a whole to produce its fundamental and in two unequal segments to produce its first overtone. The pitch of a complex tone is determined by the fundamental. The pitch then of the tone produced in the lower diagram of Fig. 16 would be just the same as the pitch of the tone produced in Fig. 15, and yet these two diagrams in Fig. 16 are supposed to represent the head register. If this is true where does the chest register come in? The pitch represented by the upper diagram in Fig. 16 is eighteen tones above the pitch represented by the lower diagram. If these two diagrams represent the head register, then the head register would include not only the eighteen tones, but the chest register as well.

The only difference between the tones produced by the motion of the cord in Fig. 15 and the lower diagram in

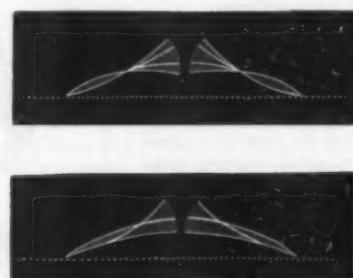


FIG. 16.

Fig. 16 would be in quality. The motion in Fig. 15 would give the fundamental tone only, while that in Fig. 16 would give the fundamental and its first overtone. These diagrams evidently need further explanation.

On page 167 we find: "The voice should be trained from the head register down." These two diagrams in Fig. 16 may be meant to illustrate this idea, only, as the pitch represented by the upper diagram must be in the neighborhood of high C, most pupils might find difficulty in beginning in the head register. We have already shown that any such segmentation of the cords as this is an impossibility, because this segmentation would produce the overtones of the reed, which never occur in the voice.

Segmentation of the cords has nothing to do with the pitch of the complex tone, as the author infers, because that is determined entirely by the length, weight and tension of the vibrating cord. The vibration of the cords in segments originates the partial tones of the voice, which has already been explained. These comments simply serve to show the difficulty which writers are sure to get into if they try to explain something which does not exist. In the proper mechanism registers do not exist, therefore the question of registers should have no place in a work on voice production.

Dr. Curtis discredits all the other authorities on this question with the exception of Professor Oertel, and we have shown the observations made by Professor Oertel with the stroboscope to be without any foundation whatever; therefore I think it reasonable to conclude the consultation of such authorities (?) would be of very little service to the writer on voice production.

(To be continued.)

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In Quest of Seven Millions.

EUROPE has two great sources of revenue derived from American love of music; the one consists of the money paid by the people of this country to visiting and nomadic musical artists, companies and groups; the other source consists of the money paid to foreign school teachers and trainers of American pupils. Both sources of revenue are tremendously productive for Europe, whereas they seriously devitalize American musical life.

REVENUE TO FOREIGN MUSICAL PEOPLE.

(Annual Average.)

To visiting players and singers not in opera companies	\$500,000
To light opera and operetta stars and combinations....	500,000
To grand opera artists, cho-ruses, companies and hangs-on.....	1,500,000
Total.....	\$2,500,000
To teachers and institutions in Europe by American pupils.....	1,000,000
To cost of living in Europe paid by pupils, parents and guardians.....	2,000,000
To traveling expenses by annual visits of parents and families, or temporary return of pupils.....	1,000,000
To cost of débuts in Europe, nine-tenths of which constitute practical failures... ..	500,000
Total.....	\$7,000,000

MUSICIANS PROTEST IN VAIN.

The above significant statistics are quoted in view of a great movement which is being instituted for the purpose of keeping some, if not all, of this golden stream of wealth in this country. American musicians have long protested in vain against the state of affairs which now exists in the musical world. The many evils of the present system resulting to the student, the artist and to the art itself, have long been universally recognized. Countless pages have been written to set forth the privations, struggles, temptations and failures of the thousands of American students who go abroad for a musical education, driven there by the unmusical atmosphere of their own land and the impossibility of receiving engagements in America without European endorsement. On the other hand, the greed of the foreign artists who dominate our operatic and concert stage and the discrimination of speculative impresarios against native talent, have been held up for the horrified contemplation of the public. But the public has refused to be horrified and has gone on patronizing the foreigners. The figures show that our love for good music is of no mean proportions. The desire is then to divert the \$7,000,000 into the proper channel, to the end of upbuilding our native institutions and fostering native genius.

The leading spirit in this movement for the nationalization of music is Winfield Blake, a Westerner of unusual musical experience, and an organizer of more than passing note. Among the present endorsers of the movement may be mentioned Dudley Buck, Bruno Oscar Klein, John Francis Gilder, Frederic Grant Gleason, president of the Chicago Manuscript Society; Dr. Gerrit Smith, ex-president of the New York Manuscript Society; Herbert Wilber Greene, president of the M. T. N. A.; Dr. Floyd S. Muckey, the well-known throat specialist and writer on vocal science; Emma Thursby, George F. Bristow, John Wanamaker, George Sweet, Harry Rowe Shelley and a long list of singers, instrumentalists and teachers from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Pittsburg, Buffalo, Albany, Chicago, Denver, San Francisco, Detroit, Omaha, Duluth and Kansas City.

FOURTEEN CITIES IN THE PLAN.

The plan to be adopted is briefly as follows: In many of the smaller European towns there are permanent orchestras, operas and musical conservatories, admission to which is so cheap that they are within reach of all but the very poorest classes. Mr. Blake contends that in America there are at least fourteen cities large enough to support in like manner an orchestra, an oratorio society, a stock company for the production of both grand and light opera, and a well appointed musical conservatory, the students of which, when properly qualified, would have opportunities for pub-

lic appearances, and if successful, for lucrative employment, first in their own city, and eventually in the different cities belonging to this great circuit.

All these organizations, however, are to work in harmony, so that the orchestra which gives symphony and popular concerts would also be the orchestra at the opera and oratorio, thus supporting its members and attaining a standard of excellence only compatible with permanency. Not only are all the organizations of one town to be under

globle performances with which we have been recently favored by some well-known companies.

It is proposed that the control of this great organization be vested in an elective board of twenty trustees, who shall represent the best musical, financial, educational and executive ability of the commonwealth, and the trustees will themselves elect president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer from their own number. The president, with the advice and approval of the trustees, will appoint chairmen of the various committees necessary to the execution of details, and the remaining members will be chosen by the chairmen from the society at large.

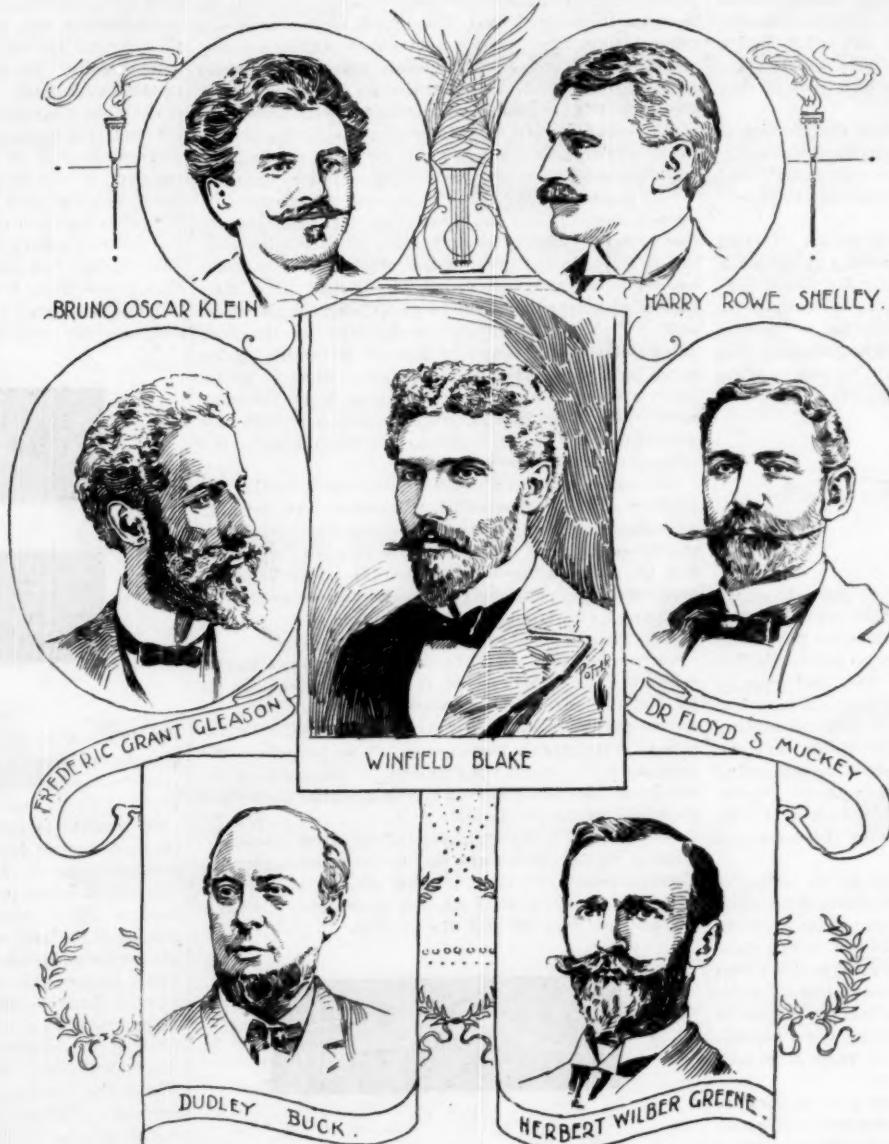
It will be readily seen that the first work of the society will be educational; public sentiment is to be aroused, enthusiasm and confidence inspired and the support of the strongest elements of society secured before the first step is taken in the final execution of the plan. The public is to be made to realize that the scheme is in no sense a speculative or money making one, any more than is the founding of a great university. Therefore, while the society will be organized as soon as the season opens, and while it will be constituted and governed in such a way as to enable it to establish and control orchestras, opera companies, conservatories, &c., yet for the first season, at least, its efforts will be confined mainly to propaganda.

EXISTING SOCIETIES.

All existing musical societies throughout the country are to be enrolled as auxiliaries and their services enlisted for an active canvass of their own localities. About Christmas time will be issued an elaborate publication, consisting of 200 folio pages and containing a brief history of musical progress in America, numerous letters and articles from prominent musicians and laymen, with a full explanation of the plan of the organization and a résumé of the results hoped for by its promoters. Two hundred and fifty thousand copies will be mailed to individuals whose co-operation and interest the society most desires, including college faculties and all other educators, State and municipal officers, clergymen, men and women prominent in business or society and the musical profession.

A certain amount of financial support has already been secured, and more will be forthcoming when the sincerity of the movement has become evident and its entire control has been placed in the hands of men whose motives and fitness are beyond question. No university, college or art gallery in the land exists without State or private endorsement. Music is the most universal of all arts, the most refining and uplifting. He who will provide for the people, at prices which will make it accessible to the masses, musical entertainment that will develop their musical instinct, cultivate their appreciation of the beautiful, and set before them noble ideals, will be a great educator and a public benefactor, no less than he who founds a great university or endows hospitals.—*Philadelphia Enquirer*, August 29, 1897.

Sonzogno.—The great music publisher Sonzogno will give at the Lyric Theatre, Milan, an opera season extending from October of the present year till May, 1898. In addition to Leoncavallo's "La Bohème" there will be given the new opera "Fedora," as well as Massenet's "Sapho," the first performance of which takes place in Paris toward the end of the year, and which will be produced at the Lyric Theatre before it is given at any other theatre out of France. These will be followed by "Proserpine," by Saint-Saëns, Bruneau's "Attack on the Mill," and Cilea's "Arlesiana." He has formed several companies quite independent of each other, which will succeed each other uninterruptedly during the season. He promises to produce twenty-four operas and seven ballets. The first performances of the season will be "Werther" and the ballet "Coppelia" on October 7.



THE VERNACULAR.

While our concert and operatic repertoires must still consist in great part of the European compositions which constitute the world's musical treasure to-day, yet the encouragement of American composition is to be first, last and at all times the ruling policy of this organization. Moreover, all operatic performances will be given in the vernacular, with an endeavor to secure such translations of foreign librettos as will combine with a nice perception of such musical requirements as accent, rhyme and vowel quantity a profound appreciation of the beauties of the English language. Nothing could be more inartistic than the English translations now extant, unless it be the poly-

Music with Strings.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

ONE summer day, so says the Grecian tradition, Hermes, the wing'd messenger of all the other gods, strolled idly on the seashore. While thus rambling on, purposelessly, he came upon a dead tortoise whose sun-dried intestines were drawn taut across the shell. Hermes touched one of these strings, whether following out an inquisitive impulse or by mere accident we are not told, but the story declares that the result of this touch was a soft musical note. Hermes straightway, ingenious divinity that he was, went home and fashioned for weary mortals the seven-stringed lyre.

This will do very well for a story, but the facts in the case, unfortunately, are that the Egyptians had made stringed instruments long before the Greek gods and goddesses were invented.

Many different names have been given to the lute or lyre of the Egyptians. The Orientals called it "tamboura," while among the Greeks it was called "pandora" or "bandora." During the Renaissance stringed instruments of the lyre or lute order were used to accompany the singer improvisatrice in recitation.

The guitar and mandolin of the present day are a slow evolution of those romantic instruments. The mandolin has retained much of the shape and construction of the lyres of the Renaissance period, and like them it is played with the tortoise shell plectrum or pick. The strings of this latter instrument, unlike those of any other stringed instrument, are arranged in pairs and give forth under the action of the pick a peculiar vibrant sound impossible to produce with the fingers. Although the mandolin is rarely used as a vocal accompaniment, it adds much to the sound of the piano and other musical instruments.

Another very popular stringed instrument, the banjo of the American negro, is thought to be a descendant of the Greek bandora. The banjo is the African "bania," and as it is thought unlikely for a savage people to have invented the art of stretching strings over a flat surface to produce musical sounds, it is supposed that the Africans made a rude attempt to copy the Grecian bandora. Thus the bandora in its descent into the hands of the savage, and so on to the Southern slave of old, has gained in simplicity both in construction and name.

When we come to consider the chief of all stringed instruments, the violin, we find that neither the Greeks nor the Romans knew anything of the use of a bow in producing music, and its origin is ascribed to the Hindoo in times very remote.

It has been brought, however, to its present state of perfection within this century, although many improvements were made in it during the eighteenth century.

The first instrument of the violin kind was called the ravanastrom, and was so named from Ravanon, a king of Ceylon. The growth of this early instrument to the violin of to-day consumed about 5,000 years, yet unlike its helper, the bow, without which it would be of much less use as a melody maker, there have not been any important changes in its make within 300 years. The art of violin making reached its present perfection in the sixteenth century, the instruments made at that date at Cremona in the North of Italy have never been excelled. This famous town, situated on the river Po was at that time surrounded by rich agricultural districts which were owned by wealthy monasteries. These institutions vied with each other in developing the musical talent and ingenuity of the people, and in this way Cremona came to be a musical centre. Among the noted violin makers of this place were the members of the Stradivari, Amati and Guarneri family. An old Italian violin of this era and from one of these makers is to-day considered very valuable, though it is

principally amateur musicians who pay the fabulous prices asked for them.

The reason given is this, that the old Italian makers sometimes turned out inferior violins, and professional musicians, quick to detect these imperfections, prefer a modern instrument of high quality to one whose principal recommendations are its age and associations. The principal violin makers of to-day are in Italy and South Germany. France and England also make good violins.

Music dealers tell us that while mandolins, banjos, guitars, &c. of American make are used in excess of imported ones, yet for every thousand violins used, nine hundred and ninety-nine are of foreign make. All this will, however, soon be changed, for it is said there are now one or two American manufacturers who turn out a violin the sound of which cannot be detected, by the most expert ear, from a fine old Cremona. Having reached this high point of excellence, who dare say that America will not eventually out-Cremona Cremona?

Mendelssohn and the Queen.

PROF. M. J. GRIFFIN, of Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn., contributes to the New York *Independent* a letter written in 1842 by Mendelssohn to his mother after his return to Germany from a visit to England. He describes a visit to the Queen when she was a young woman in the full enjoyment of her home life. Professor Griffin has translated the letter from the German, as he believes that it has not appeared before in English. After some reference to private matters the great musical composer says:

"But I must give you immediately, in writing, the details of a last visit to Buckingham Palace. Prince Albert had invited me to visit him on Saturday, at 1:30 o'clock, in order that I might try his organ before leaving England. I found him alone, and as we were conversing the Queen came in, also alone, in a morning dress. She said that she must start in an hour for Claremont. 'But, gracious, how it looks here!' she added, as she saw that the wind had scattered the leaves of a large, unbound volume of sheet music upon the pedals and in the corners. Saying this she knelt down and began to gather up the sheets. Prince Albert helped her and I was not idle. After that the Prince began to explain to me the stops, and during this the Queen said that she would put things to rights again alone. Thereupon I begged the Prince to play something for me first: it would give me something to boast of in Germany; and then he played a choral from memory, so prettily and purely, and so free from mistakes, that many an organist might be proud to do as well. The Queen, who had finished her work, now seated herself near us and listened with great delight. After that it was my turn, and I began the chorus from my oratorio of Paul—*Wie lieblich sind die Boten*.

"Before I had finished playing the first stanza they both began to sing the chorus, and the Prince pulled the stops for me through the entire piece so skillfully, and all from memory, that I was quite delighted and enjoyed it greatly. Then the Prince of Gotha came in and we engaged in conversation. Among other things the Queen inquired if I had composed any new songs, and said that she was fond of singing those that had been published. 'You ought to sing one for him,' said Prince Albert. She waited to be urged a little, and then said she would try *Das Frühlingslied*, if she only had the music, but all her music was already packed to be sent to Claremont.

"'Oh!' said I, 'it might perhaps be unpacked.' 'We must send for Lady N. N.' said the Queen. She rang the bell, the servants ran, but returned unsuccessful, and then the Queen herself went, and while she was gone Prince Albert said to me: 'The Queen begs you to take this gift as a souvenir,' and gave me a small box with a beautiful ring, upon which was engraved 'V. R., 1842.' Then the Queen

came back and said: 'Lady N. N. has gone and has taken all my things with her. I think it is very improper.' You cannot imagine how that amused me. Then I said she surely would not make me suffer for the mishap, and that I would take something else. So, after some consultation with her husband, he said: 'She will sing you something from Gluck.'

"The Princess of Gotha had joined us in the meantime, and so we five went through the corridors and rooms to the Queen's sitting room, where, by the piano, stood an exceedingly stout hobby horse and two large bird cages, and pictures on the walls, and beautifully bound books on the tables, and sheet music on the piano. The Duchess of Kent also came in, and while they were talking I was rummaging a little among the music and found the very first volume of my songs. Then I naturally asked her to sing one of them instead of one of Gluck's, and what do you suppose she chose? *Schoner und Schöner*, and she sang it most charmingly.

"Then I had to confess that Fanny had composed the song (it was really very hard on me), and begged her to sing one of those that were really mine. She said she would gladly do it if I would help her, and sang *Lass Dich nur Nichts Nicht Dauern* without a mistake, and with an expression that was wonderfully beautiful and full of feeling. I thought under the circumstances I must not compliment her too much, and merely thanked her a great many times; but when she said: 'Oh, if I had not been so anxious! I have usually a very long breath.'

"I praised her heartily, and with the best conscience imaginable. After that Prince Albert sang *Es ist ein Schnitter, der heißt Tod* (*There Is a Reaper Whose Name Is Death*), and then he said that I must play something before my departure, and gave as themes the choral which he had just played on the organ and the Schnitter. If I had had my usual experience I would have been obliged to improvise most wretchedly, for thus it almost always is with me when I want to do very well; and then I would have carried away with me from the entire afternoon nothing but vexation. But just as if I were to retain a very beautiful and joyous memory of it, I succeeded in my improvising as I seldom do.

"Besides the two themes I took, of course, the songs which the Queen had sung; but it all came in so naturally that I would gladly not have stopped at all, and they followed me with an appreciation and attention such as I have never found when I have improvised in the presence of listeners. Now and then they would say: 'I hope you will visit us in England again soon.' Then I went away, and saw below the beautiful carriages with the postillions in red liveries waiting, and after a quarter of an hour the flag at the palace was lowered and the papers announced: 'Her majesty left the palace at 8:30.'

"I have still to add that I asked permission to dedicate my symphony in A minor to the Queen, and that the Queen, just as she was about to sing, said: 'But the parrot must be put out first, or he will scream louder than I can sing.' Whereupon Prince Albert rang the bell, but the Prince of Gotha said, 'I will carry it out,' and I said, 'Let me do it,' and I carried the huge cage out to the astonished servants.

H. Sylvester Krouse.—Mr. David Henderson, manager of Aladdin, Sinbad and Crystal Slipper extravaganzas, has engaged an accomplished New Yorker, H. Sylvester Krouse, as conductor for the present season. Mr. Krouse has begun rehearsals with an orchestra of thirty-five in this city, and is composing a new score for *The Crystal Slipper*. He will be remembered as the composer of the operetta *It's Better to Laugh Than to Cry*, libretto by Winfield Blake, which was given so successfully at the residence of Mrs. Mortimer Chunia. He has frequently accompanied Hubert Arnold, the violinist.

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A ROUND New York there is no pleasanter time of the year, to one who cares for outdoor life, than the latter days of August and the early days of September, for this is the singing and blossoming time of the masses. Now the great rank and file of the flower army come forward to brighten the fields, the hedgerows and the byways with a royal revelry of color, and millions of insect voices fill the air with a humming, stridulous sound. Now Nature solves her sociological problem and preaches greatest good to the greatest number.

True, we who turn to nature for our solace from earthly ills may not breathe the dainty freshness of the springtime woods wakening to the silvery lyrics of the mating birds nor the fragrance of the June rose garden, where a myriad censers swing at the south wind's call, but we may breathe the warm, distinctive odor of the mellowing fields, steeped to every grass tip in sunshine, of all odors the most health bestowing, soul reviving; and everywhere we may find a subdued harmony of color as soothing to the eye as the all pervasive music is soothing to the ear. Happy those among us who may now take our fill of nature's calm delights! We are not yet in sympathy with the din of city streets, the blare of brass bands and the obtrusive city energy that spurs us to uncertain effort. But if few are called to larger leisure, there is none among us nature lovers—and we by rights are music lovers too—who may not take the time to spend a day quietly in field or wood or by the sea, his back to Bedlam and his eyes on Nature's music score.

"Music," says Thoreau, that wizard of the woods, "is the sound of the universal laws promulgated. It is the only assured tone." Come forth, then, you on lesser cares intent. Place yourself with me by the edge of the wood, here in a corner of New Jersey, not 30 miles from New York. If we hearken with hearing ears to the sounds that float from field and wood and sky, we shall put aside as trite and stupid the contention that there is no real music in nature, not even among the birds, because, forsooth, "they have no sense of time and rhythm!"

Did we not learn long ago, if we studied the laws of harmony, that the natural succession of tones, the harmonics or sub-tones, which always sound in combination with the fundamental tone, are the same melodic intervals which are heard most frequently in the animal world of sound? These intervals, which of all others fall most agreeably upon the ear, are fifths, octaves and thirds—the main harmonics—and following these are heard more or less frequently fourths, sixths and seconds.* The birds, who mark the climax of natural music, sing all these intervals, and also the chromatic and diatonic scales, and the most musical among them display in high degree power of imitation and sense of time relations, occasionally definite adjustment of tones to a certain keynote, and often a fine and true sense of artistic effect.

As to how far present bird songs are the result of evolution we need not speculate, but in regard to our own music it is suggestive to remember that primitive man made the

* The simplest way to get an impression of these harmonics or overtones is to sound on the piano the bass tone C below the staff, striking the note sharply with the loud pedal down and then quickly raising the pedal, at the same instant putting down the soft pedal. Even an untrained ear can detect the ring of the upper harmonic, G above middle C. The intermediate tones, ascending the staff from the low C struck, will be the octave, then G (fifth above), then middle C, then E (third above), and finally the G which we hear ring out faintly but distinctly. The harmonics which sound on beyond these are not perceptible by an ordinary ear.

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same monophonic sounds as the animals about him, and that the oldest music in the world, the funeral chants, such as the Egyptian Maneros—called by the Greeks Linos—originated, according to musical authority, from the moanings of man and his animal brethren of the forest.

So thinking and listening to the sounds about us, we find without stretch of imagination that these many outdoor voices are telling tales of life not unlike the life of man; tales of jealousy, of love, of hate, of tenderness, of cruelty; this natural symphony prefigures the whole complicated art of modern music; it tells the hopes and feeling of the lesser world even as the orchestral symphony voices the aspirations, the sad longings, the hopeful visions of pigmy man to whom eternity draws near.

But let us not think too seriously on so warm an afternoon. Let us rather rest dreamily in the shade and watch the sunlight come flickering through the trees, and note how, like a descending musical scale, the leaves, touched by the sun's skilled fingers, speak in tones and semi-tones of color from pale golden translucency to sombre green opaqueness. Hark to the wind's crescendo and diminuendo, soughing through the forest, sweeping across the hills over cornfields and meadows, and then waking mysterious murmurs in this clump of pine trees and dying away in fitful gasps as if tired of its own sighing. Its harp is one of a thousand—nay, ten hundred thousand strings.

And if we would bring that subtle music of the wind down to practical notation, we need not even experiment, but cool ourselves by recalling the winter blast and what Rowbotham (who is more reliable than some later writers) says—that the pitch of the wind's whistle is commonly on one tone, B natural, though obviously enough other pitches may be named which are not infrequent. "Starting from this as a tonic, the wind rises as the blast increases to E, sinks to B again, descends to F, and then repeats the gamut in which it covers every interval of sound between the various notes, not the diatonic intervals alone."

This notation we may supplement by that of Gardner, who gives the music intervals of the wind, as it sweeps over the roof, in a pretty bit of melody, its wailing crescendo reaching a climax in thirds and then dying away in a few staccato tones.

Hist! now there is a robin, or more properly a red-breasted thrush. He is flitting out of that tangle of blackberry vines, sumac and huckleberry bushes over by the zigzag fence. He cheerfully chirps a few notes of his spring song as he perches upon a rail. A petulant chirp it is, reminding one of the Indian's name for him, *pee-peeshu*. No wonder he is petulant if, like others of his kind, he has had the bringing up of more than one brood in a season.

A pretty bit of color he makes against the blue sky and framed about by the plump pinkish-yellow corn tops, but not to be compared in color with that oriole who appears in friendly proximity on a branch of the gnarled apple tree, resting, perhaps, or meditatively considering his journey south, for he migrates toward the end of August. He is said to wear the colors of Lord Baltimore, at one time "proprietor of Maryland." But no liveried footman he, this beautiful flash of sunset; in his clear mellow whistle there is no note of servitude.

Over the cornfield flies now and then a crow, much abused bird, whose playfulness, because interfering with man's sense of humor, is woefully misunderstood. His quaw, quaw, quaw forms a pleasant base to the mournful soprano note which the common pewee reiterates from the woods. Presently we hear the dogmatic statement of a nuthatch, yank, yank; quank, quank; crank, crank; according to interpretation. Stepping cautiously nearer, and nearer

and then remaining motionless for some time, we see him, whitebreasted, probing into the bark; after a few moments disturbed by a crack of the twigs, down he comes to the foot of the tree to look about him; then he ascends the trunk again in spiral circles. No lover of change is he but a true conservative, clinging to his own home, even in severest winters. A domestic "crank, crank," from the ambitious bird travelers point of view.

We can hear, too, a woodpecker nearby, noisily chattering his day, day, dait, and can at length see his scarlet cap, a distinction accorded only to the male. He is a small bit of industry, but with what energetic regularity he keeps on making his circles of round holes! We listen in vain though, to-day, for "the sweet pathetic cry" of the wood-peewee, who usually sings for us from the heart of these woods—most devout among songsters, using his skillful portamento in a solemn, anthem-like strain, closing with a long A-men. But we are soon compensated by the tender, exquisite melody of the American song sparrow, who finds congenial home in these old fields edged with berry bushes. He, too, is devout, and confesses boldly his creed—press, press, press, by teehee, rian, ian; at least so we have heard; but the song might as justly be interpreted as a charming bit of egoism—sweet, sweet, sweet, A-mee-er, can. Nuttall, it may be noted, has a happier faculty than other naturalists of describing bird songs in words, always excepting our unsurpassable John Burroughs, while Simeon Pease Cheney father of John Vance Cheney, the poet, has described and written out musically many of the American bird songs, with the accuracy due to a fine musical ear and long experience as a singing teacher.

Although there are not many genuine bird solos at this season, there are solos enough and to spare from the cicadae. Ellwanger, who writes sympathetically of garden life, says of our cicada: "How broad his diapason and how sonorous his mighty volume of sound! It is the most fervid of all summer sounds, this ringing expression of drought, produced by the hind legs with which he leaps, said Aristotle 2,000 years ago. It is pleasant to know, according to another classic—Zenachus—that the cicada live happily, since they all have voiceless wives; the two drums on either side of the body under the wings not existing in the female." And how the cicada's ecstatic recitative is supplemented by the droning and strumming of the grasshoppers, the fising and trilling of the crickets, the "combination" of the bees and the whirring of innumerable wings of smaller insects, the latter sound bringing to mind muted violins in a fairy orchestra.

If our sense of hearing were keen enough we could distinguish the individual note produced by each winged atom among the *Grylliade*. We learn from Rowbotham that gnats have two notes in their hum. They commence on G sharp, taken as a grace note, slide daintily on to A, where they remain, with a loud and long continued tone as the main note of their hum. Each hum of the gnat lasts two bars of common time, beaten slowly. The note of the common fly is F, with a preliminary appoggiatura on E. The long note with accompanying grace note is followed by a series of shorter notes on the same pitch and with the same tinkling introduction; a repetition of this tiny phrase constitutes the fly's melody, which, as everyone knows, is produced by the rapid vibration of the wings.

The purring of the tree toad adds a cool cornet-like trill to the musical melody. We hear the high-voiced Pickering's *hyla* pitching his song in the third octave above middle C; he is often mistaken for a bird in the late summer when he has left his home in the swamp; we can hear, too, another toad, *Hyla versicolor*, so named from taking the color of his surroundings, and whose voice, F. S. Matthews

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amusingly says, has a winning, pathetic quality which can only be likened to the "musical bubbling bleat of a miniature lamb." Mr. Matthews warns us not to confound this toad's song with that of the common toad (*Bufo Americanus*). The latter can be imitated by whistling the note C, two octaves above middle C, and humming, *sotto voce*, A in the second octave below middle C.

The answer comes from across the pond a musical third lower, A in the treble and E in the bass. This combination of whistling and humming together is quite too much for feminine lips and throat, so we leave the toads to swell their throats without our rivalry, more especially as we remember the old proverb which, filtered through various forms in various languages, comes down from New England grandmas as "Whistling girls and crowing hens, always come to some bad ends."

At twilight in this spot there is wonderful variety in the toad symphony. Professor Abbott, of New Jersey, is one of the few naturalists who speak in a kindly way of toad voices. He thinks the batrachians have never yet received the consideration from our poets which is their due, and asks, "Is it because their music is not popular with the masses? They are universally said to croak, as though the eleven species of frogs and frog-like batrachians that are found in this neighborhood had but one and the same utterance! Toad, spade-foot, hyla, the little peeper and the true frogs all condemned to do nothing but dolorously croak! As a matter of fact, we have among them a wide range of sound, from the deep bass of the bullfrog to the piercing treble of Pickering's hyla."

It is not always the tree-toad, however, to which we may safely attribute a toad-like plaint. John Burroughs gives a vivid account of his discovery of a singing lizard, the small red salamander, which emitted "a fine plaintive peeping" closely resembling that produced by the hyloids.

On a tall weed close by us rests the little tree-cricket, *Ecanthus fasciatus*, most constant among summer daytime singers, and whose rhythmical trill is so rapid that the vibrations cannot easily be measured. He is said to sing his cree-e-e at the rate of nearly 1,000 notes per minute. Others who assist in the allegro vivace are the green-leaf cricket, a ringing fairy-bell chime in steady, even tones, and the brown or black cricket, chirping his fitful staccato triplets in the key of B flat. The latter sometimes chirps on A flat and occasionally on G. Sometimes two crickets will keep up a duet, question and answer, for half an hour—perhaps for as long as one would have patience to listen.

They are elusive little creatures, though, and throw their voices about in most deceptive fashion, so that one must exercise care in locating their songs. A small brownish cricket, with long antennae and gauzy wings, climbs a grass blade and stops where we can see him rub his superior wings together, making clicks like those of a tiny irregular metronome.

The cricket's chirruping is often called stridulous. But that is a word more aptly applied to the katydid's zig-zagging, which is the harshest of summer insect sounds, much harsher than the shrill zee-zee of the cicada, or the sibilant zip-zip of the cone-headed grasshopper. Fortunately the katydid does not begin his scolding until sunset. Most of the grasshoppers, we note, chime in pleasantly with the crickets, strumming on F, a major fourth below the average cricket tone, B flat; quite soothing is the green meadow grasshopper's sibilant tsip-tsip-tsee and the locust grasshopper's drowsy tsee-ee-ee. But of all insect sounds the cricket's chirrup comes most agreeably to our ears. It is a tuneful sound, a pastoral

piping of content, and has doubtless calmed the nerves of many others besides those German students who used to carry boxes of crickets to their rooms at night, "to be soothed to sleep by their chirping lullaby."

Taken collectively, indeed, the whole insect world sings a song of satisfaction with the present hour, however harsh some individual song may be.

A droning yellow jacket buzzes yess, yess, yess in your ears; he keeps resolutely to the tone of G, with a preliminary appoggiatura, F sharp, and hums his sonorous canzonet quite too close for comfort. Smaller bees are buzzing an echo-refrain among the clover blossoms, or are winging their way toward the buckwheat field that gleams like a silver lake amid the greenness of the hills. Bees are said to have a preference for blue, the most intellectual of color tones, but from a musical standpoint their singing does not harmonize with the calm blue atmosphere which is thought by the fanciful to result when certain compositions are rendered, for example, a Bach fugue in D flat. And so far as our observation extends more bees cluster about the clover than about the self-heal and blue asters.

Fluttering by the old apple tree, under the branches which we are resting, come two bright winged butterflies, the viceroy (*Basilarchia Archippus*), the wings of a dull, yellowish orange, shading to cinnamon brown, the veins all edged with black. Perhaps they are taking their marriage flight above the golden rod and the sweet blossoms of the pepper bush, while the insect orchestra gaily fiddles their wedding march. Perhaps, too, they are making little clicks of their own, which we might hear if we were nearer. Entomologists declare that butterflies do make sounds, though as yet the causes are not definitely ascertained. Darwin, in his journal, relates that several times when a pair, probably male and female, were chasing each other in irregular course they passed within a few yards of him and he distinctly heard "a clicking noise similar to that produced by a toothed wheel passing under a spring catch."

The noise was continued at short intervals, and could be distinguished at about 20 yards' distance. Mr. Scudder speaks of hearing a distinct click from a pair of butterflies, and thinks the wing movements made by the Argynnis and other Nymphalinae, upon alighting or settling near each other, are often made for the sake of producing sound, though the sounds are inaudible to our ears.

We can scarcely help wondering whether each species has a special sound, and if so, what sound is made by the beautiful Ephestion or blue-banded butterfly (*Basilarchia Astyanax*) which is disporting itself yonder by the slender stedy stems of the moth-mullein? and what relation has its color to its sound? Here is a field of study which may be commended to some of the decadents who try to trace the relation that may exist between words and perfumes.

It is growing warmer and warmer now as the sun moves onward to its third estate—a true Virgilian day, when even the cattle pant after shades and cool retreats; "now the thorny brakes shelter even the green lizards, and Thesylis pounds the garlic and wild thyme, strong-scented herbs, for the reapers spent with the violent heat." We may doubt, though, if that is garlic and wild thyme which a sturdy Thesylis is bestowing by way of refreshment upon the men yonder in the hayfield, silencing for the moment the swish and clinking of the scythe. For these farmers are yet poor enough to be picturesque, or mayhap their farming is on too small a scale for the mowing machine to be in use.

While the cackle of hens, the crowing of roosters, the barking of dogs, the quacking of ducks, the whinnying of

horses cannot, strictly speaking, be called musical sounds, although they have all been carefully transcribed in musical notation—they are now at this moment so softened by distance as merely to hint of that calm domesticity which is in theory the essence of all harmony. But the mooing of the cow on the hillside is really a bit of music; you may sound it if your voice is deep enough, beginning with a long C (octave below middle C), then, in shorter tones, taking the fifth above and then the octave. And that cow-bell, tinkling merrily, has it not as pleasant a sound as that of any xylophone? Does it not bring to mind visions of Alpine height and Swiss chalets, pure air charged with ozone, wherein one may think more clearly and so adjust himself more fitly to his mission on the earth.

Merry outdoor music, too, is furnished by the leaves. Stirred by a sudden gust of wind, the button bushes and scrubby oaks bristle their leaves together in energetic snaps—click, clack, flip, flap; one could dance to these castanets; and the dry branches of the apple tree beat drum taps on the fence, and the cornstalks noisily gyrate and toss their golden tresses like so many orchestral leaders gesturing in agitated rivalry.

But if we would hear music more delightful than any we have heard let us wander on into the woods and scramble down a stony bank to a pretty a streamlet as may be found in many a mile. How it laps with crystalline murmurs the ferns creeping over and under the tree roots; how it bubbles and gurgles over the stones and slashes and swashes against a grass-grown curve, and what a musical medley it sings as it dances over a ledge and whirls in a rapid saltarello over the rocks below! If we select small pebbles varying in size and fling them into the brook where there are quiet little pools of varying depths we can, after patiently experimenting, form our musical scale of seven notes, or can form any of the earlier and simpler of the Greek scales, or play the "Authentic Modes" of Ambrasius.

Poetic indeed it would be to serenade the flowers and ferns with "soft Lydian airs," or Dorian or Phrygian or mixo-Lydian, as time and inclination allow. These larger stones along the brookside, if touched skillfully, will contribute to the serenade certain dull, definite notes, and, if very deftly handled, may even repeat a scale by themselves, though they are not the true singing stones from which such surprising music has been called.

And if, passing through the woods, we wander a mile or so onward to the seashore, what a glorious symphony is there. From dawn to sunset, through moonrise to moonset, the ocean tells with measured rise and fall the song of action which is life. Listen to the hoarse muttering undertone, to the lapping and hissing along the shore, to the wild hurrying, the soft splashing, the mighty "poohs" of scorn, the "ha-has" of delight, the mocking "tra-la-las," the sudden questioning and the restful answer, the ebullitions of wrath and the slow subsidence to content. A majestic Protean instrument, speaking to man of his own changing mind and of things that are mightier and more and more stable than he—a giant chorus, singing in many tongues an oratorio of the Creation.

So, from the purling scales of the brook to the recurring ninth wave of the ocean, from the treble patter of the raindrop to the deep organ tone of Niagara, from the whirring of the *Gryllidae* to the sweeping of the wind, the chirping of the cricket to the chorus of the birds, everywhere we may hear those natural tones upon which our complicated art of music is based. We have only to listen and put ourselves in sympathy with the outdoor world to find, with Carlyle, that the heart of nature is music.



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Article IV.—Local Resonators.

[A reply to Article IV. in THE MUSICAL COURIER, Vol. XXXIV., No. 20, page 6, of May 19, 1897.]

In a previous article it was shown that vocal tone has the three factors, pitch, amplitude and color.

When considering the matter scientifically it will save time to distinguish carefully:

1. The instrument which generates sound.
2. The medium which transmits it; and
3. The tone itself as perceived by the ear and the various attitudes of each.

Sound as a physical phenomenon consists of air in motion swaying to and fro within the narrow limits set by the length of the wave generated. The wave alone moves, in the sense of being transferred from its original position any distance greater than its own length. At each point in the line of motion, as the wave passes along, it consists of new air particles, and so it is passed along from one set of air particles to another, until finally the last set of particles are those next the tympanum of the listener's ear, which, being pressed upon by the air wave, gives to us, through its various processes, the sensation which we hear and call tone.

For ready reference the following tabulation will be found convenient:

them at any instant, for these differ each instant) travel across the space separating the hearer from the singer.

(3.) We may omit for all present considerations the temperature, pressure and density of the air by assuming them constant, and therefore the only data we need remember about the medium is that at a temperature of 15° Cent. (equal to 59° Fahr.)—an ordinary degree of warmth—the conductivity of air for sound or if you prefer the velocity of sound propagation or tone wave transference through air, is 1,120 feet per second. That means that any note sung would be heard 1,120 feet away from the singer one second after the note was intoned, assuming, of course, that the concert room were that deep and that there were no extraneous causes to interfere.

The transfer in time across the space of any concert room theoretically suited for singing would then be what is commonly, although loosely, termed "instantaneous."

(4) Since vocal tone passes through the medium (air) in the form of waves, all of whose physical properties are known (for they can all be measured), we can express those properties pictorially as easily for sound waves as for those of, say, electricity, in the shape of a curve. In such a curve the wave-length is measured horizontally along and in the direction of the time line as the "abscissa," and the height (amplitude, width) of the wave [not of the vibrating substance making the wave (in vocal tone the vocal bands)—the reason for this distinction will presently appear] is laid off horizontally upward as

More frequently, however, the partial of lowest pitch in the series, being louder as a rule than any of the other partials, is held, compared to them, as of more importance, and the rest are considered rather in regard to their connection as higher in pitch to it than as parts of the common complex tone, of which they are both "partials." When this standpoint is taken the first tone is called the "prime" or "fundamental" or "pitch tone" of the complex tone, and the other partials are called relative to it (the prime) its "upper partials," meaning that they are of higher pitch than the prime. These upper partials are also variously called "harmonics," because, as we shall see, most of them, when sounded simultaneously with the prime, form with it a tone which is "harmonic"—that is, agreeable to the ear—and because, as we shall also see, of the nature of the air waves to which they correspond, being always such as are produced by "harmonic" motion.

They are also called overtones (Obertöne, German), meaning tones "over" or higher than the prime. Each partial by itself, considered as a sound as compared with the compound tone of which it forms a part, is known as a "simple tone," and its sound is said to be "pure," meaning free from or not mixed with any other tone.

(6) We can express each of the simple tones of a complex tone as a curve, and then by algebraic summation (addition) produce from these several simple tone curves a resultant curve, which will then represent accurately the complex tone in every particular.

(7) Every tone produced by the vocal instrument is a compound tone as just defined, and that each such compound tone can be represented by a curve, which expresses all its peculiarities as clearly to the mind through the eye as if conveyed to the mind by the ear, hear the tone when sounded by the voice. For such a tone curve we propose the name "characteristic curve," which term we will use in this sense. Every compound tone (compound and complex are used indiscriminately to designate a composite tone) then can be pictured by its characteristic curve, which for short we shall hereafter speak of simply as "its characteristic," leaving the supplementary word curve always to be understood, i. e., added mentally by the reader.

(8) All musical tones are formed by combining simple tones, which, irrespective of their peculiarities of individual loudness and individual intensity, are always of the pitches to be found by the so-called "natural overtone scale or series," as follows:



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(9) What we call the color of a compound tone is due to the nature of its composition—i. e., to the number, loudness and intensity of its component tones and to their relative position in the overtone series.

(10) The color (quality; French, timbre; German, Klang-

All questions with regard to the vocal pitch scale mechanism will be left for a future article on The Registers of the Voice.

It is sufficient to state here that they have absolutely no bearing on vocal resonance from the standpoint of this paper.

The facts which must be accepted are that:

(1) The vocal bands are vibrated by the air which passes between them, and so produces pulsations of air which generate air waves.

The distinction to be noted is that it is not the flapping of the vocal bands which produces the pulses of air, as you might produce water waves by moving a piece of shingle in a pond of water, but the air pushing between them is cut up into pulses by the return of the vocal bands to their normal position after each excursion.

(2.) These air waves (not the air particles composing

the "ordinate" of each particle of air for that instant forming a portion of the wave. And finally the form of the curve, i. e., the change of curvature from point to point, will represent the character of the wave, which corresponds to what is called the color of the tone into which the wave is finally turned.

(5) All musical tones are composite (compound), and when analyzed will be found to consist of an aggregate of several tones, every one of which has its own pitch and loudness and intensity, but lacking "quality." In short, to say that a tone has quality is merely another way to say that it is composite. Each of the component tones of a compound tone is termed a "partial tone," if the tone be considered from the standpoint of its complexity. Each one of the partial tones is of equal value, each being thought of only as a part of one common whole, and each partial is called a "partial."

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farbe), i. e., combination of partials is produced, not by the vibration (or being vibrated) of the vocal bands, but is produced wholly above them in the so-called vocal resonators, whose special function is this very duty.

(11) The vocal bands produce only air pulsations ("pulse"), which serve to set in vibration the air in the vocal resonators, providing the singer is making use of his instrument to the full extent nature intended he should do.

(12) The voice has at least two (2) pipes (tubes) or resonators, THE FIRST consisting of the tube of the throat (pharynx) and mouth, of which the larynx (Adam's apple or voice box) forms the bottom and the mouth the opening to the outer air, and THE SECOND the nasal chamber, considering which as a resonator its mouth is the opening between it and the throat. This mouth then to the nasal resonator can be changed in shape and size of aperture to any desired extent by means of the soft palate. Both these vocal resonators, it will be noted, are considered as organ pipes of the "open" variety, i. e., open at the upper end, namely, the end farthest from that through which the air within them is put into vibration. "Open" pipes are so named in opposition to "closed" or "stopped" pipes in which the far end is closed.

The importance of the distinction lies in the fact that the air in closed pipes can only be made to vibrate so as to produce the odd overtones (those corresponding to the aliquot parts of a string by the odd numbers 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, &c.), while in an open pipe the air column may be made to vibrate so as to produce all the overtones of the overtone series (both the odd and the even, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, &c.) at pleasure, or any combination of them (i. e., a pipe can be made to do it). In church organs the pipes are built so as to produce each; only its prime and compound sounds are produced by the simultaneous sounding of the pipes for the upper partials needed to produce the desired tone color. Whence it follows that in the vocal apparatus, so far as the resonators are concerned, there is nothing to prevent any and all the overtones of the natural series from being formed.

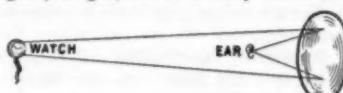
(13) A "resonator" is a "reflector" and "resonance" a phenomenon of "reflection" in the domain of physics.

The laws of reflection are common in all departments of physics alike, but reflection may be of several kinds, according to the purpose desired. We can reflect for the purpose



NORMAL REFLECTION.

of getting past obstacles which prevent propagation in the normal right (straight) line or we may reflect for the pur-



CONCENTRATING REFLECTION.

pose of concentration, as in the case of a parabolic mirror "focusing" the sound. An echo is usually a case of



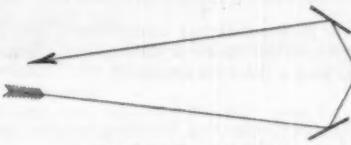
SIMPLE REFLECTION.

the source of sound. If the sound undergoes more than simple reflection from a surface directly back toward

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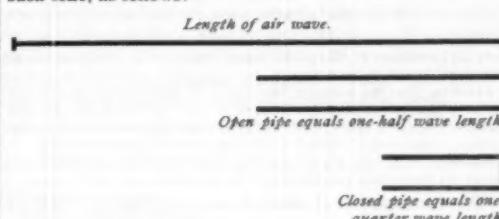
one reflection it is called in the case of an echo a "repeating echo."



MULTIPLE REFLECTION.

So far we have considered reflection only with regard to the number of times the sound has been reflected, irrespective of the distance between the reflecting surfaces or any question of the time taken. We can, however, consider the matter with regard to the time it takes for the sound to travel from the source to the reflecting surface and then back to the source, and this is the principle made use of in several special kinds of resonators which we will now for a moment investigate.

(14) Resonance is closely identified with the method in which air columns vibrate in pipes, because the tones produced by a pipe depend on the relation between the length of the pipe and the length of the air wave belonging to such tone, as follows:



(15) In this connection the relation of wave length of the sound wave to what is called the "pitch" of the corresponding tone should be clearly borne in mind.

Pitch is purely a relative term, expressing the position of one tone to another in the scale of sound pitch. The scale of tone pitch, regarded from the standpoint of the corresponding air waves, is the scale of wave lengths. That is, every air wave has a certain "length," by which it is assigned a position in the wave length scale corresponding to the pitch of its note in the sound scale. The question of "absolute pitch"—namely, the actual number of vibrations made per second by a note whose wave is of given length—does not concern us here, if we assume middle A of the piano equals 435 vibrations (or waves) per second, which is the present United States standard, having been adopted by the M. T. N. A. in 1888 and by the United States Piano Manufacturers' Association in 1892.

Pitch of sound means the number of vibrations per second (the standard unit of time). It is also called "periodicity" and "frequency"—these latter being the names used of wave summits per unit of time, when considering the sound waves corresponding to the tones of given pitch.

(To be continued.)

Tenor Charles A. Rice.—Mr. Rice will be heard of this season, as he has several important appearances already booked. His work as tenor of Calvary P. E. Church is much appreciated. United with a striking personal appearance he possesses a voice of extended range and splendid timbre. These qualities are indeed rare, and guarantee the owner a busy season.

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BOSTON, Mass., September 18, 1897.

THERE were two meetings of members of the Handel and Haydn Society last week. I did not attend either of them.

The first was attended by the "Anti-Zerrahn" faction September 14 in the rooms of the Harvard Musical Association. There were perhaps forty present. This was supposed to be a private gathering.

The second was a meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society in Bumstead Hall September 16. I did not go to it, because I am a peaceful man, and cruelty is foreign to me. I have never seen a bull fight or a prize fight. There were reporters present, however, and the newspapers of the 17th published full accounts of the rounds and finish. One of the accounts—at least one—was illustrated. There were pictures of worthy members of the organization in the act of explaining, entreating or denouncing.

I have said that the first meeting was a private gathering. Thus the Boston Journal of the 15th, in a full report of the proceedings, takes pains to say that no reporters were present.

Col. A. Parker Browne presided, according to this report. The first part of the evening was occupied by the officers who resigned lately, explaining why they resigned.

Mr. Hagar, the former vice-president, elected president last June, said he resigned because so many inexperienced men had been put on the board with him that he felt he could not work with them. His resignation was final; "no 'taffy' resolutions would do any good" and committees need not visit him. He had lost much of his former strong interest in the society, and it didn't make any difference whether his friends were in the majority or not.

Mr. Stone and Mr. Daniels are said to have spoken in similar vein. "It was generally agreed upon that Mr. Zerrahn was the director for the next year, unless he should voluntarily choose to resign, for he had been notified by one of the officers of the society of his election to that position."

I quote now from the Journal report:

No very eulogistic opinion of the nine remaining members of the board of management was manifested, it is said, although this was not as concerned the men individually or in any other capacity than as directors of the fortunes and business of the Handel and Haydn Society, not indisposition, but inexperience being alleged.

Among the reasons mentioned against Mr. Zerrahn as conductor it is said that he is too old, that he necessarily lacks that snap and vitality, that personal magnetism which a conductor ought to have, and which he can only exercise at the expense of a great amount of physical vigor. Times have been hard musically. Even the big foreign societies of music have reported deficits. There are too

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many concerts. Some special magnet is needed to get out a crowd.

Mr. Lang's friends claim that, while it may be possible that the orchestra is not entirely under his control, the same is true of all conductors having to deal with a strange or at best not a permanent orchestra of the society. It is said that even the great Theodore Thomas Orchestra, when it gets away from him, misbehaves. And it is told sotto voce that one concert, not so many years ago, when Mr. Lang was not the conductor, one of the first violins persistently played "Yankee Doodle" on his fiddle while the orchestra as a whole was playing Passion music.

After this meeting there were many reports and rumors. It was stated that either Mr. H. L. Higginson or Mr. R. H. Dana would be asked by the Zerrahn faction to take the presidency. Neither of these men is a member of the society.

Mr. Lang's friends claimed that he had not been well treated by the society. He was quoted as saying that he was proud to be even the organist of the society, and that "when abroad and desiring to identify himself he would write on his card, 'Organist for the Handel and Haydn Society.'" Oh, the touching anecdote! As though Mr. Lang needed identification at Bayreuth, which he visited this summer! Is he not known there as the bosom friend of Wagner? Did not Cosima Fan Tutte allow him to produce Parsifal in concert form at Music Hall? Or would custom house officers or police inspectors bow humbly at the mention of the Handel and Haydn Society?

And now I must tell to what pitiable arguments the supporters of Mr. Lang were reduced. For Mr. Lang and his friends are wildly anxious to see him conductor of the Handel and Haydn.

It was said; it is now said that Mr. Lang had a conversation with a rich man who is willing to give \$150,000 to the Handel and Haydn Society. The society needs a house of its own for a club house.

Here reflect a moment on the delights of a club house for oratorio singers. As the rehearsals are held in Boston on Sunday nights, when the liquor law is strictly observed, this club house would indeed be a life-saving station for the members on their way after a tussle with the difficult passages in "The Messiah" to their peaceful homes in Chelsea, Medford, Roslindale and East Somerville.

With this money not only would a club house appear, like the New Jerusalem descending from the clouds, with full appointments, steward, sleek-haired waiters in uniform, stamped stationery, piano, library, bar, cloak room and sanitary plumbing; not only would this club house be established, but there would be money for the production of new works and the raising of salaries.

Vision fugitive! as the baritone remarks in Massenet's biblical opera.

For this rich man would not give the money unless Mr. Lang were the conductor.

Which accounts for the milk in the cocoanut, if not for the hair on the outside.

Now consider this extraordinary proposition.

If you say: "Mr. Lang has not shown the ability to keep chorus and orchestra together, or in such relationship at performances that works were given in a creditable manner," the answer is,

"But Mr. Lang can raise \$150,000."

If you go still further and say: "Mr. Lang has neither the musical knowledge nor the musical temperament to lead successfully a performance of serious cantata or oratorio in 1897-8," the answer is,

"But Mr. Lang can raise \$150,000."

The first, the great requisite, then, of a conductor is the ability to raise money.

Mr. Lang has therefore mistaken his vocation. He should be a college president.

And it is in Boston that this extraordinary proposition is made, and it is in the ranks of the venerable Handel and Haydn that such a theory is advanced.

Better that the Handel and Haydn should disappear from the face of the earth than that its conductor should be chosen because he can raise a certain sum of money!

I am not espousing the cause of Mr. Zerrahn. I recognize the fact that he has been for many years a power in the musical life of New England. But he is now over seventy-one years of age, and after long and honorable service he should now yield gracefully the place to another.

There are better men for the position than either he or Mr. Lang.

The day of the mere time-beater is over. The conductor of our own period must be something more than a metronome.

At the meeting of the Handel and Haydn Thursday night Colonel Browne offered these resolutions:

Whereas, The resignation of the president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer of this society has been forced by the action of the recent board of government.

Resolved, That the action of the board of government in relation to the officers of the society is a blow at the welfare of the Handel and Haydn, and a betrayal of the trust reposed in the board by the society.

Resolved, That we repudiate this action of the board and demand the immediate resignation of its members.

These resolutions of censure were rejected by a vote of 57 to 56. Then the friends of Mr. Lang withdrew in a dignified manner. Whether they made to the door-keeper the famous remark of Catiline I am unable to tell you. A committee of three Zerrahn men were appointed to visit the four retiring officers, Messrs. Hagar, G. F. Daniels, C. W. Stone and M. G. Daniell, to ask them to withdraw their resignations.

There was no talk at this meeting of Mr. Emil Mollenhauer, to whom votes had once been pledged, and who would be an admirable conductor, or of Mr. Chadwick, or Mr. H. W. Parker, either one of whom is better fitted for the position than is Mr. Zerrahn or Mr. Lang. The contest was simply between Mr. Zerrahn and Mr. Lang.

You may remember an interview with Mr. Zerrahn, published in the Boston *Journal*, whose reporter saw him at Newport, N. H. I quoted it literally for THE MUSICAL COURIER.

I regret to say that Mr. Zerrahn was prevailed upon to write a letter dated September 9, from which I now quote: *To the Board of Government of the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston:*

GENTLEMEN—As nothing has ever been said by you for publication, and as I unwittingly allowed myself to be interviewed a short time ago without considering how such an interview might be interpreted by you, I feel that I should write you a few words of explanation. After reading the published report of the Handel and Haydn Society, at which a board favorable to me was elected, and supposing that all controversy was finally at an end, I was approached at Newport, N. H., by a reporter, who said he desired me to answer a few questions; the principal question asked was: "Did you resign the conductorship?" I was deep in my festival work and engrossed and somewhat worried by my exacting duties, and I answered quickly and without any further thought that I had resigned my position as conductor. I did not realize that the point at issue in this recent controversy was whether I had or had not resigned, but was a question of reinstating me in my old position, because the chorus wanted me. I had seen no one interested in the matter for months, I may almost say years. The letter written to Mr. Browne, which has been looked upon as my letter of resignation, was written at a time when I was sad and dispirited in body and mind. Whatever I may have said or written at that time it seems to me that my final separation from the society might have been arranged in a somewhat more diplomatic manner. Mr.

Browne personally did all and more than was expected of a friend of long standing. When I said to the gentlemen of your committee who called on me at my house in Milton that I had not resigned I felt the statement to be a perfectly fair one. * * * It gives me great pleasure to inform you that I am at present in most excellent health and feel as strong and as able to resume my work as at any time during the past fifteen or twenty years. Anticipating a most successful season for the society, I beg to remain, gentlemen,

Yours very sincerely, CARL ZERRAHLN.

"Unwittingly allowed myself to be interviewed." The interview in question was declared to be satisfactory by Mr. Zerrahn at the time it was written out.

No wonder that Colonel Browne was moved to say to the members:

"A great many questions have troubled the world. The world will never know who wrote the Junius letters, probably, or who struck Billy Patterson. [Laughter.] Nor will the world ever know whether Mr. Zerrahn has resigned.

"I am satisfied now that he told the members of the committee that went to see him that he did not resign, and I am satisfied that he told a reporter of the Boston *Journal* that he did resign. There is no doubt in my mind that Mr. Zerrahn told half a hundred persons that he did resign, and half a hundred persons that he did not resign. Nor do I doubt that he was honest in all he said. It appears that Mr. Zerrahn said one thing this day and another thing that; and that he said all things honestly. The trouble is Mr. Zerrahn's mind changes. He does not remember."

And what will the result of all this be?

Mr. Zerrahn is conductor.

Some of the more passionate Langites say they will have nothing to do with the society. They predict wretched performances—because they will no longer sing in the chorus; and because Mr. Zerrahn is not likely to raise \$150,000 for club house purposes.

But this is an occasion for lamentation rather than mockery.

And oh, the pity of it; the pity of it!

PHILIP HALE.

Boston Music Notes.

BOSTON, September 18, 1897.

M R. NORMAN MCLEOD has returned from his summer in Europe and begins his teaching next week. Mr. McLeod numbers among his pupils many of our most successful concert singers, and as the season progresses will doubtless find all his time in demand, as do most of our well-known teachers who are able to show results for their work.

Mrs. L. P. Morrill, the founder and principal of the Morrill School of Vocal Music, has just issued the prospectus of the school for the coming year in a dainty little booklet most attractively gotten up. The object of the school is to give a thorough and systematic training in the understanding of music, both in singing and teaching. While this school is essentially a vocal school, it is considered necessary that a knowledge of harmony and of the piano should be acquired, although these studies are at the option of the pupil. One of the features of the school are the receptions which are given every month. On these occasions pupils are given an opportunity to appear before an audience of musical people and critics.

These receptions last winter were always brilliant social functions, and many distinguished people were present at them. Mrs. Morrill has been for twelve years in charge of this school, and for sixteen years has been a successful vocal teacher in educational institutions in and around Boston.

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intelligence, with a winning charm of manner that has made her hosts of warm friends, and her pupils are all devotedly attached to her. The school is located in the Hotel Oxford, overlooking Copley square, opposite the Public Library, one of the most desirable locations in the city. The piano department is in charge of Miss Florence E. Upham, who received her musical education in the oldest and one of the best known schools in the United States. Her work is closely allied to the vocal department, from the fact that the piano teacher is expected to teach the art of true accompaniment playing—a new feature and one hitherto neglected. Fräulein Helene H. Boll will lecture on German literature and German composers. Arrangements are now under consideration with competent teachers of French and dramatic action.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Adams will sail from Havre on La Champagne September 18, and Mr. Adams will resume teaching on the 29th of the month. Their trip has been a delightful one in every respect. Mr. Adams' many friends have done everything in their power to make the summer one of unmixed pleasure, so that while they have had plenty of diversion there has been but little opportunity for rest. Three weeks of the summer were spent in Switzerland and ten days in London. Naturally they have heard much music and many singers, and Mr. Adams has made a large collection of delightful new songs. But after all they are happy to be turning their footsteps homeward, and as yet no city or town in Europe has weaned their affections from their beautiful home, Pincroft, down on Cape Cod.

Miss Minnie Little is at home again after a pleasant, restful summer in Maine. She is feeling in perfect health and quite ready for the winter's work.

Miss Harriet Whittier is prepared to receive pupils at her residence in Huntington avenue. After October 1 she will be at her studio, 165 Tremont street, on Tuesday and Friday mornings.

At the song recital given by Anna Miller Wood, at the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco on September 4, the entire program was selected from the works of modern American composers. The majority of the songs were by Boston composers. Miss Wood is having a most enjoyable summer in California, her appearance in concerts having been highly successful.

Mr. Wilhelm Heinrich will have charge of the vocal music department in Miss Kimball's school, Worcester, Mass., the coming season. Mr. Heinrich will also have a studio in the Knowles Building, Worcester, in addition to his Boston studio.

At Claremont, N. H., they have recently had a musical dedication of the new combined town hall, concert hall and opera house. The Opera House—as it is called—seats 1,000 people, everyone having a perfect view of the stage. This musical dedication was the eleventh festival of the Western New Hampshire Musical Association, of which Mr. Carl Zerrahn was conductor for nine years. There was an orchestra of ten under the direction of Mr. Jules Jordan, the present conductor of the festival.

The soloists were:

Mme. Clementine De Vere and Miss Mary J. Downey, of New York; Miss L. F. Eaton and Miss Ella H. Shields, of Boston; Mrs. F. P. Maynard and Miss Lilla Briggs, of Claremont, sopranos; Mrs. J. W. Deane, of Denver and Miss Alice Jackson, of Bellows Falls, contraltos; William J. Lavin, C. S. Conant, of Concord, N. H., and W. O. Hutchins, of Keene, N. H., tenors; Ericsson F. Bushnell, of New York; A. D. Huntoon, of Heniker, N. H., and E. K. Woodward, of Concord, N. H., bassos; Walter E. Loud (a pupil of Ysaye, just home from Germany), violin; Miss Annie Way, of North Charlestown, Martha Dana Shepherd, of Boston, and Edward Everett, of Nashua, pianists.

Miss Downey, who is the soprano of the Lee Avenue

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Congregational Church in Brooklyn, is niece of Mr. Daniel Downey, vice-president of the Worcester County Musical Association. The chorus acquitted itself in a most efficient way and numbered 200.

Mr. Frank N. Todd, a young and promising bass singer, has been engaged for a leading part with "The Walking Delegate" company.

It would have been impossible to find room for a dozen more persons in Steinert Hall last Tuesday evening on the occasion of the piano recital which marked the formal successful opening of the Faelten Pianoforte School. The program was given by pupils of the school, most of whom received their entire musical education from teachers of Mr. Faelten's school.

The performance from beginning to end was a remarkable one, the pupils playing from memory even in the selections for two pianos, and showing an extraordinary degree of musical intelligence in the thoughtful interpretation, repose and excellent technic. Among the many prominent people present were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Hugh G. Brown, of Brookline; Mayor Henry D. Cobb and party, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Ayer, Mr. and Mrs. George Burdett, all of Newton; Dr. Hezekiah Butterworth, Dr. Conrad Wesselhoeft and party, Mme. Clara Smart, the well-known vocal teacher, and party; also many of Mr. Carl Faelten's former graduates, among whom were Mr. Geo. W. Proctor, Miss Alberta V. Munroe, Miss Mary D. Chandler, Mrs. Prudence Simpson Dresser, Miss Alice Greer, Miss Catherine Parker and others. The program was as follows:

Rondo for two pianos, E flat major, op. 136.....	Gurlitt
Bertha Millard, Newton and Olive Buckle, Auburndale.	
From op. 33, songs and dances.....	Jensen
March, C major.	
Landler, E flat major.	
Rustic dance, F major.	
Reigen, C major.	
Louella Wetherell Dewing, Somerville.	
From op. 75.....	Raff
Bohemia March, A minor.	
Fleurette, C major.	
Fabliau, G major.	
Carrie Cunningham, Cambridge.	
Sonata for two pianos, B flat major.....	Clementi
Grace Chandler, Dorchester, and Guy Riddle, Somerville.	
Sonatina, op. 48.....	Foerster
Ethel Harding, Revere.	
Tambourin, E minor.....	Rameau
Solfegietto, C minor.....	Bach
Gavotte, F major.....	Martini
Variations, Harmonious Blacksmith, E major.....	Händel
Ethel Taylor, Somerville.	
Impromptu, F sharp major, op. 36.....	Chopin
Scherzo, B minor, op. 20.....	
Mr. William D. Strong, Boston.	
First movement from concerto in D minor.....	Rubinstein
Miss Nellie Dean, Boston.	
Orchestral parts arranged for a second piano, played by Mr. Carl Faelten.	

The audience was very generous in applause of each number. Notwithstanding the crowded condition of the hall, the temperature remained perfect, and hardly anyone left before the entire program was finished. After the recital a great part of those present visited the commodious rooms of the Faelten Pianoforte School, which occupies the entire fifth floor of the Steinert Hall annex. The rooms were tastefully decorated by the students, and Mr. Faelten received the congratulations of his many friends.

David Mannes' Return.—Mr. Mannes, who has been studying with Joachim in Berlin, returns on the Barbarossa October 6. He may be seen at his Carnegie Hall studio after that daily from 4 to 5 p. m., Sundays from 11 to 1 p. m. Mr. Mannes is a violinist of marked individuality and temperament.

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New York College of Music.

THE entire faculty of the New York College of Music has been retained for the season of 1897-8. In addition thereto Mr. Alexander Lambert, the director, has made several very important engagements. While abroad this summer he engaged Herr Rudolf Zwintscher, a well-known Leipzig pianist and instructor, to teach at the college. Herr Zwintscher arrived from Germany last week and his time is now being filled.

The violin department, as heretofore, will be under the direction of Henry Lambert, and has also been strengthened by the engagement of Albertus Shelley, a favorite pupil of Joachim, who gave a recital with much success at the Music Teachers' National Association convention last July.

Two of the most important engagements, however, have been reserved for the vocal department. The increase of pupils in this department has been so marked as to necessitate an increase in the faculty. Mr. Lambert is therefore much pleased to have secured the services of two such capable artists as Miss Caroline Montefiore, the well-known dramatic soprano, who has already been engaged to sing in several of the most important concerts to be given in New York this winter, and Madame Grau-Meier, who for the last seven years was at the head of the vocal department of the Cincinnati College of Music.

Lewis W. Armstrong, Solo Baritone.—Mr. Armstrong will this year make a specialty as solo singer, although by no means neglecting his large and flourishing vocal classes. He has sung in Brooklyn repeatedly, also at private and semi-public affairs in New York, and has many flattering press notices. He has a baritone voice of unusual power, compass and smooth quality, and is sure to make his mark as a soloist. His method of voice culture is in strict conformity with the most reliable and advanced scientific testimony, and in general agreement with the practices of the old Italian school. He is director of voice culture at the New York Collegiate Institute.

Desirée Artôt to Von Klenner.—The following is an excerpt from a letter of that foremost European teacher, Desirée Artôt, to Katharine Evans von Klenner. Before Madame von Klenner studied with Viardot-Garcia, she was the favored and honored pupil of the famous Desirée Artôt, and now continues to send to her old teacher those American pupils who wish to visit Europe while keeping up their study. The letter from which this excerpt is made is one of the most cordial and affectionate character, and plainly confirms the solid artistic and social prestige belonging to Madame von Klenner in Europe. Referring to a young pupil returning to America with her mother, Desirée Artôt writes.

Puis ces dames rentreront en Amérique; vous entendrez alors la jeune fille, et je crois que vous serez contente d'elle et de votre ancien professeur. Je suis toujours heureuse, ma chère amie, lorsque vous m'envoyez de vos élèves; tout est si bien préparé, la voix bien posée. Je n'ai donc plus qu'à continuer (ce qui est une tâche bien difficile avec d'autres professeurs qui n'envoient leurs élèves que lorsque les voix sont fatiguées), aussi je suis non seulement fière de cette marque de confiance de votre part, mais vraiment reconnaissante. * * * Les grandes voix sont de plus en plus rares, le moins qu'on puisse demander dans la misère présente c'est la fraîcheur et la méthode.

When an European mistress of song like Desirée Artôt writes in a vein, not only of compliment but as of one receiving a favor through the confidence bestowed by Madame von Klenner in forwarding to her her pupils, the case is certainly significant. Katharine Evans von Klenner possesses in valuably informal fashion the staunchest testimony to her superior talents.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash avenue, September 18, 1897.

If alliteration is permissible one might be tempted to describe the half a mile distance between the Chicago Musical College and the Auditorium as the pianists' parade or the singers' sidewalk. It seems one hideous mass of music rolls. Men and women, boys and girls of all sizes and descriptions are armed with one of these deceiving contrivances; there are so many that at last in your mind they assume the form of bludgeons, and you take yourself across the road, there to tumble over a 'celo or some other unwieldy instrument. Chicago at this time of the year was never so full of musical people and people who want to be musical.

The Chicago Musical College comes first with its numbers, and the applications have been so numerous that it was impossible to attend to their inquiries, many of the staff of the college working until 11:30 p. m. I saw Dr. Ziegfeld literally tired out from the work involved at the opening of the term, but contemplating a few days' rest, when he would be again ready for his legion of pupils.

Monday afternoon the halls were crowded with students entering, and Mr. Willie Ziegfeld told me that it was an epoch in the way of fall terms. I have heard it said that "the Chicago Musical College is undoubtedly the greatest institution west of New York."

Mr. Borowski, the composer, has but recently arrived and taken command of the composition class at the college. He is an attractive personality, differing from the long-haired type of distinguished musician to which we are so horribly accustomed. Felix Borowski is also a violinist (pupil of Joachim), although he is usually credited with being a pianist, so many of his compositions being written for the piano. A notable work recently produced, "Sonate Russa," has the endorsement and approval of Grieg, Sauer, Rosenthal and other famous musicians.

If a dozen people were asked in what branch of the profession they would place Fred. W. Root, they would answer much as follows:

1. Master of singing.
2. Organist.
3. Lecturer.
4. Writer.
5. Composer.
6. Accompanist.
7. Vocal teacher.
8. Musical director.
9. Musical examiner.
10. Practical singer.
11. Theorist.

All round genial, kindly fellow, ready at any moment to help his musical collaborator. And they would all be right! For extraordinary versatility Mr. F. W. Root undoubtedly



F. X. ARENS,

Pupil of Prof. JULIUS HEY, Berlin, 1890-92.
Principal of Voice Department,
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since then of Indianapolis College
of Music and Metropolitan School
of Music, Indianapolis; Conductor
American Composers' Concerts,
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Union, Children's Select Chorus
and Indianapolis May Music Festivals, . . .

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heads the list of accomplished musicians. He has edited a musical paper, he has lectured at most of the musical Chautauquas in the States, he has written reviews, he has composed some most taking songs and cantatas, and he is a thorough musician who can give his pupil from the groundwork to the finish a musical education. He is organist at the church on Sundays, crowded all the week with pupils, and utilizes his spare moments in saying nice things about other teachers even where he knows they occasionally indulge in a little snarl. The hours usually devoted to sleep have been occupied in producing one of the most wide-awake books of modern times, entitled "Professor Polychrome's Lessons," which has had a splendid sale, musicians from all over the country indorsing its lucidity of vocal culture.

Among Mr. Root's pupils who are likely to be heard from with pleasure are Mrs. Myrtle Chandler McDonald, a most telling singer, who always makes an impression. She sang at Mountain Park Chautauqua, in Maryland, and also at some organ concerts with distinguished success. Then there is Miss Nellie Aikman, from Des Moines, who represented Mr. Root (as teacher and vocalist) at Hagerstown, Md., and also at Washington.

* * *

Mr. D. A. Clippinger, from London, Paris, Bayreuth and various other delightful places, was welcomed home to Chicago some time last week. His conversation and description of the cities are interesting, except his ideas about Chicago and Chicago people; for then he allows his ideas of truth to get the better of his discretion, which might act to his own detriment if he did not happen to be one of the few honest men who at the risk of making an enemy says what he thinks.

This honesty is a mighty fine quality in a musician, and productive of good results. It is especially noticeable in an interview had with Mr. Clippinger with regard to foreign study, and why the environment abroad is so much more beneficial to the ordinary student than our atmosphere here. As it occupies considerable space, I will reproduce it in a future letter.

* * *

I hear from Brussels that Madame Moriani is extremely busy preparing for the winter term. Since her visit to America last year she has had many pupils from this side of the Atlantic. One in particular, Edyth Heyman, is making rapid progress, Madame Moriani being much pleased with Miss Heyman's success in the school. She says the Chicago girl will not only be a fine singer, but an artist, acting well and being, moreover, a very good musician.

Madame Moriani's reputation is now so well established in America that it is not surprising to hear that a party of ten girls (possibly twelve) will sail for Europe on Friday, October 15. They are to be chaperoned by Mrs. Gillespie, of Nashville, who will take them at once to Madame Moriani in time for the opening of the season. It would be a capital opportunity for any girl contemplating a visit to Europe to join this pleasant party, especially if Madame Moriani were the attraction on the other side. Singers and teachers do well to consult her, and a diploma from the great Belgian artist is a sure conduct for future success, as her pupils are accepted by managers both in Europe and in America.

* * *

A voice like Julie Wyman's, in her prime, real temperament, and a gift for interpretation, is in the possession of Sara Layton Walker, who sang for a few friends and newspaper people on Tuesday in Steinway Hall. Her musical gifts, great as they are, enhance her other charms, which make her so attractive. There is a wholesome disinclina-



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Signor Ed. Rubini made his débüt as primo tenore at the Italian Opera House, Paris, in 1865, afterward singing for several years with the greatest vocalists of that time—Adelina Patti, Nilsson and others. In 1869 he was especially appointed instructor of the Royal Princesses of England, whom he taught till 1874. As a mark of distinction his portrait was painted by Royal command and exhibited at the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Burlington House Gallery, in 1873. His reputation as one of the best vocal teachers is established all over Europe. Many of the most celebrated vocalists of the present time were in former years pupils of Signor Rubini, and among others Madame Scalini, Volpini, Paulina Lucca, Marimon, &c., &c.; Signori Cotugni, Dias de Soria, Joseph Maas, Campanini, &c., &c.—From London Daily Telegraph.

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tion to talk about herself, which is just as novel as it is nice; and you want to know more of the girl who can sing an excerpt from an oratorio in a masterly manner, a French chansonette, a German song and an operatic aria, each with equal intelligence and musicianship. Then, just to oblige you, she will seat herself at the piano and sing in an inimitable fashion a couple of Indian lullabies. I hope to hear of Miss Sara Layton Walker making a big success here in Chicago, as she has done already in Indianapolis, St. Paul and various Eastern cities, including New York.

* * *

Mme. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop's season has already commenced. It is earlier in the year than at any time during Madame Bishop's career. Next Monday she sings at Burlington, followed by a short tour through Iowa for ten days. October 20 Madame Bishop leaves Chicago for the Coast and far West with her own concert company, including Mr. Harry J. Fellows, a fine tenor, late of London; also Miss Nancy Park McKee, a mezzo contralto and pianist. Madame Bishop is engaged for the festival in San Francisco, November 9 and 10; Albuquerque, N. M.; Trinidad, Col.; Tacoma festival December 1, and recitals in Los Angeles, Denver, and will make a six weeks' tour in California.

For the past week Madame Bishop has been taking a holiday at her home in Chicago. Her voice after a rest is in splendid condition, and all indications are for a season of prosperity and artistic accomplishment.

* * *

Mrs. George Benedict Carpenter, the agent for the Wolfsohn Musical Bureau, has many good artists on her books. Concert givers contemplating entertainments for the ensuing season would do well to communicate with this courteous manager. Mrs. Carpenter has had the inestimable advantage of acquaintance with the details of management, as she assisted the late Mr. G. B. Carpenter in much of his musical enterprise. She is therefore in a position to do considerably more for the artists attached to her bureau than the ordinary amateur manager.

Mrs. Carpenter's list of artists includes Mrs. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop, Mr. Henry Eames, Miss Marian Carpenter, Mr. George Ellsworth Holmes, Mrs. Hess-Burr, Miss Jennie Osborne, Miss Eva Wycoff, Mrs. Nettie R. Jones, Miss Helen Gardner, Mr. Allen H. Spencer, Mrs. Junius Hoag, Mr. Sidney P. Biden and Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson. She also has charge of Mr. E. A. McDowell's recitals.

Mr. Clement B. Shaw has returned from the Epworth Assembly, Bethesda, Ohio, where for the second year he has been director of music.

Mr. A. J. Goodrich's book, entitled "Analytical Harmony," has just been reviewed by Mr. Louis Arthur Russell. This is the report of the specialist committee on musical literature of the New York State Teachers' Association.

Of all the harmony studies of recent years, this of Mr. Goodrich is the most original and rational. The plan of the work is most logical and definite; each item leads with unusual naturalness into the next; no subject is slighted for one presumably more important; no topic is left till it is finished. The book's principles are all deductions from the practical processes of the most eminent composers. The nomenclature leaves convention behind and definitely expresses the item symbolized or named. Many rules conserved in the usual harmony book, but violated by the best composers, are here "straightened out," the violations being quoted, the rule thus being more definitely explained, from both the theoretical and practical side.

In his explanation the author makes a clear distinction



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between progressions and resolutions; by this classification Mr. Goodrich is enabled to explain away many otherwise conflicting rules, and in the treatment of the essential sevenths many stumbling blocks are removed, and the composer's intentions are clearly revealed. Another original treatment of discords is in what he terms the direct and indirect resolutions of essential sevenths; the former constitute "authentic" cadences, the latter "avoided" cadences.

Mr. Goodrich explains the chromatic scale and chromatic harmonization with much minuteness, giving thereby a special value to his book, for this subject is usually slighted by authors who do not realize the worriment caused to young writers, because of this important item in composition.

The author uses no thorough-bass figures. He introduces an original treatise on "Harmonic Counterpoint," gives numerous diagrams illustrating form, rhythm and construction, and nearly a thousand examples in notation. The work has met the hearty approval of most of our American composers, and may be said to reach the highwater mark of theory expositions from American pens.

The violoncello was hardly known a few years ago in this country as a solo instrument, but in the last decade it has made rapid strides toward a popularity which bids fair to be lasting. There are quite a number of excellent 'cellists in Chicago at the present time.

* * *

Of the new performers and teachers of this instrument who are recent comers is Franz Wagner. Mr. Wagner was connected with the orchestra, but has more particularly distinguished himself as a teacher, though he is a soloist of excellent ability and is one of the Listemann Quartet. He is now connected with the Chicago Musical College, and it is quite certain that he has the largest 'cello class in the city; he is also the director of the ensemble class in the same institution.

We expect to hear from Mr. Wagner in the near future in the way of novelties in 'cello quartets and compositions and combinations never before attempted in Chicago, and seldom if ever at points further East.

Miss Mary Wood Chase has returned to the city and opened her studio, 1000 Steinway Hall. This disciple of Raif has really enjoyed extraordinary notice since her return from abroad. Before she went to Europe she was known as a fine pianist and teacher, but since that time her style has broadened, and now her interpretation will not suffer by comparison with that of any of the modern school of players. Several months ago I had occasion to speak of Miss Chase's performance, which was characterized by originality and spontaneity, a masterly touch and true refinement of expression combined with much brilliance.

Returning from Germany last October, Miss Chase has played in both Northern and Southern States with so much effect that pupils are coming from Idaho, New York, Wisconsin, Indiana and West Virginia. I have seen applications from teachers from several States who, having heard Miss Chase, express a desire to study with such a thorough musician.

Mr. Herman Walker, the Sbriglia representative of the Chicago Conservatory, and a well-known Chicago teacher, intends giving a series of vocal recitals illustrative of the evolution of song, in which a comparison of the classic and modern style of composition will be a feature, and in which will also be embodied a short lecture. Some ancient music will be interpreted, preceded by remarks relating to the nature and origin of the composition.

Mr. Walker will compare the songs of different nations which represent similar themes. As he is generally known as a vocal teacher it may be interesting to students intending to study with Mr. Walker to hear that he is a teacher of sight reading, having given the subject much serious study. He is frequently consulted by eminent pianists and

vocalists who were deficient in this most necessary accomplishment. As explained by Herman Walker, sight reading becomes quite a simple matter, instead of the big difficulty it is usually thought, and is merely learning the relation of tones. But voice placement, development, interpretation, especially of oratorio, are professedly Mr. Walker's avocations.

Mr. Genevra Johnstone-Bishop leaves Chicago to-night for Dubuque, Ia.

Mr. Fred Wimberley was tendered a benefit concert on Wednesday. Dr. Louis Falk, Mr. Walfrid Singer, Miss Blanche M. Foulke, Miss Elaine de Sellem, Miss Elizabeth Woodbury, Mr. A. W. Porter, Mr. Wilfred Woollett and the Mendelssohn Quartet took part in the program.

Miss Russell McMurphy and Mr. Pierre Van Renselaer Key were heard to much advantage at a musicale given by Mrs. J. Harrison White at Rogers, Wednesday, September 8. Walex Kraus, a very excellent violinist, contributed several numbers.

Miss Eva Emmet Wycoff has issued invitations for a recital to be given by her pupil, Miss Alice McCabe. September 23, at 5 o'clock.

Miss Fay Foster has opened a studio in Steinway Hall for piano and theory. Miss Foster until recently has been teaching at the Onarga Conservatory, and is a pupil of Mr. W. H. Sherwood. She is a very handsome, talented girl, a sympathetic accompanist and capable pianist and, it is said, a good teacher.

Mr. Allen H. Spencer is looking forward to a busy season. He has already made engagements for recitals before several prominent clubs in the country. He is also re-engaged to conduct the examinations at the Hutchinson (Kan.) musical jubilee of next year.

The American Conservatory opened its new school year with a very large attendance. The teaching rooms and reception halls have been very handsomely decorated, and a large addition has already been made to the conservatory. This institution now offers facilities second to none in the country. The normal department will begin Saturday, September 25. A capital series of lectures has been arranged by the director, Mr. J. J. Hattstaedt. Advanced pupils in both the piano and vocal department will be thoroughly trained for professional work.

Mr. Hattstaedt, Mrs. Murdough, Mr. Spencer and Mrs. Gutman will lecture before the piano students. Madame Linné and Mr. Karleton Hackett take charge of the vocal lectures, giving both lectures and recitals. These classes are always very largely attended.

The American Conservatory has again succeeded in securing good positions for some of its most advanced students. Miss Mabel Godwin has been appointed principal of the local department of the Galesburg Conservatory, Miss Jane Gray, principal of the vocal department at Hardin Conservatory, Mexico, Mo.; Miss Grace Crane has been engaged as piano teacher at the Oswego College, Kansas; Miss Blanche Smith as voice teacher at Forsyth College, Ga.; Mrs. McInery as voice teacher at a college in Northern Missouri, and Miss Rose Hisley at Care Springs, Ga., and Miss Fannie Collins, graduate from the Conservatory, has a position in the piano department at Benton Harbor College.

Mrs. Hess-Burr has returned from her vacation, and commenced teaching in Milwaukee on Wednesdays and Chicago all other days. What a busy woman she will be! Clever musician, cultured woman, she is one of the most sought after people in the musical profession to-day.

Constance Locke-Valisi, the accompanist, has returned

from the North, and will resume teaching at her home, 96 East Forty-second place.

Edith Rann, I think the best exponent of the Sherwood school, has returned to her studio in Steinway Hall. Miss Rann's thoroughness as a teacher is too well known to need mention.

Miss Marian Carpenter, the violinist, plays at Nashville in October, and at the Culture Club in November. For a young girl Miss Carpenter has scored decided successes.

Miss Mabel Crawford, who sang with Madame Clemantine de Vere at the Kansas Festival, has been engaged for several concerts during the coming season. Her voice, an exceptionally fine contralto, is becoming mellower, and her interpretation is marked by an excellent style. I heard recently at a musicale a young singer, Miss Aileen Brower, whose age from her appearance cannot exceed sixteen. She gives promise of becoming a glorious lyric soprano, although her voice in the middle register is very powerful, which is unusual in a light high voice, especially at so early an age. Little Miss Brower, who by the way is as pretty as a Greuse head, goes to Paris in the early spring.

* * *

The Chicago Conservatory will soon welcome its wanderer, Leopold Godowsky, as the celebrated pianist returns to the city, which cannot exist without him, early next month. One of the most intelligent men I have ever met, whose judgment and criticism are as near infallible as is possible, said to me the other day that Godowsky was one of the greatest living pianists and most closely resembled Rosenthal in his magnificent technic.

The Chicago Conservatory shows signs of great activity and there is considerable bustle and life there, notwithstanding the torrid element with us of late.

The Chicago Piano College reopened September 1.

The Metropolitan Conservatory reopened September 1.

Mr. Albert E. Ruff, a graduate of the Leipsic Conservatory, at one time a student with Prof. C. L. Markel, of Leipsic, reopened his studio for the winter season last week. Since he first came to Chicago, nearly twenty years ago, he has acquired more than local fame as a vocal teacher, as his numbers among his pupils Eugene Cowles, of the Bostonians, and Mr. Hedmond, the well-known baritone, who has sung successfully in England, Germany and America. Mr. Ruff has written several treatises on the voice and is now revising some to be published in book form. He is so earnest in his work as a teacher, such a courteous, kindly gentleman, that it is surprising he allows his name to appear in conjunction with an institution which is so vastly inferior. Mr. Ruff's education, musicianship and general culture are so far above the tenth-rate mediocrity with which he is surrounded that it is only a matter for wonderment wherein lies the inducement. There is an old saying about the mire and the speck; perhaps Mr. Ruff is invulnerable.

Callers at the office to-day included Miss Margaret Cameron, the head of the piano department of Gottschalk Lyric School; Mr. Pierre Key, Mrs. Elizabeth Fenno Adler, Signor de Pasquali, Miss Eva Emmet Wycoff, Mr. C. E. R. Mueller and Mr. Wilhelm Middelhulte, the organist.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

A Von Klenner Pupil.—Miss Lulu Potter, of Newark, sang at Cooperstown, N. Y., this summer, and was highly praised. She has a sympathetic soprano voice, excellent enunciation, and is most intelligent in all her work.

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THE MUSICAL COURIER COMPANY,

19 Union Square,
New York City.

If Mr. Ellis, of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, makes money out of Melba this season, during which he will pay her \$2,500 an appearance, as originally published in this paper last spring, he will deserve it. Melba is fortunate in having such a friend as Ellis, who on her account joined Damrosch to afford her the operatic appearance during the year when Jean Reszké, the man who advised her to sing the fatal Brünnhilde role, is temporarily shelved. She will rake in the shekels at the rate of \$2,500 (12,500 frs.) a night in America, while he will not sing except once or twice a month on the Continent at 1,000 or 2,000 or rarely at 2,500 frs. a night. She will make a million frs. here, while he will make 30,000 or less there.

In London Melba received this season for a few performances during the jubilee \$1,000 each, the highest price she ever received in England. Here she charges two and a half times as much, and it will make no difference to her whether her managers become bankrupt or not. She will not bankrupt Continental managers, neither will Reszké. The Continental managers manage to keep these people down to a reasonable level, \$200 to \$500 a night each; not \$2,500 to \$3,000 a night each like here. Hence no bankruptcy there; hence failure here. Hence a great opportunity for native artists there; hence no chance for native artists here.

The same Mr. Ellis, who is so liberal with Melba, beats all the soloists who sing or play with the Boston Symphony Orchestra down to the lowest notch. Every one of the artists knows that there is no profit in appearing with the Boston Symphony and Ellis has consequently a reputation as a shrewd manager. Let us, however, await the end of the coming season. If he will make money out of Melba, paying her at the rate of \$2,500 an appearance, he will deserve it. Her appearance at every operatic performance must necessarily destroy the artistic balance, for to make expenses, paying her such an enormous salary, it will be necessary to bring to her support the cheapest people Mr. Damrosch could find in foreign lands. What a treat there is in store once again with opera organized on the old basis! Do not these people see that the system they work under is doomed?

BURMEISTER IN NEW YORK.

THE coming of Richard Burmeister to New York as a resident is an event in the world of music of special significance. Mr. Burmeister has too long lived in Baltimore, and in its stifled and Philistine atmosphere there was little opportunity for expansion, for development, for progress. He did all he could, but what chance has anyone where reigns in all his sullen impassivity that provincial bonze of music, Asger Hamerik? So Mr. Burmeister wisely elected to cast his fortunes with us, and time will soon demonstrate his wisdom.

He is no stranger within our gates, this pianist, pedagogue and composer. As a pupil of Liszt—the Liszt of later years—he has several times demonstrated his claim to being considered a piano virtuoso of the first rank. He has inherited all the great traditions of the Liszt school and added to them a native charm and delicacy all his own. His mechanical skill is great, his beautiful touch and singing tone remarkable. Burmeister is a superb interpreter of the romantic phases of latter day piano music, and toward Chopin his attitude is one of loving reverence and fine sympathy. Witness his discriminating and indispensable amendments to the F minor concerto, doing for that classic work what Tausig did for its companion in E minor! The Burmeister version has been accepted by pianists as inevitable. The orchestra sings in its new garb as it never sang in the old Chopin—was it really Chopin's?—arrangement. The treatment of the passage work and the introduction of the cadenza are all in the best possible taste, and show Mr. Burmeister to be a master of the art of assimilating another composer's manner—an art that tells heavily in his interpretations of the classics of piano literature.

As a composer in larger forms he is known to have accomplished much. There is a symphonic poem, "Jagd nach dem Glück," which will be heard this winter, and which has been praised highly by Continental critics. His piano concerto in D minor was played here by the composer, and won unqualified

praise. It is thematically striking and is richly scored. Mr. Burmeister has composed many excellent songs and piano pieces, all stamped by his gracious individuality. His latest achievement is the practically refashioning of Liszt's concerto for two pianos, "Pateticq," for one instrument.

As a teacher he has his peers, but is practically unrivaled. It is in the sphere of an educator that he will prove so valuable in this city, for he represents all that is progressive in the art of piano playing. He is modern in his methods, and those misguided young persons who are contemplating a trip abroad would do well to pause and consider the advantages of studying with such a master as Burmeister. His personality is singularly winning and poetic. There is something of Chopin in his finely modeled features, and his magnetism is of the sort that compels and dominates without a trace of the sensational. Withal a rare type of man is Richard Burmeister and a welcome addition to the musical life of Greater New York.

INTERESTING ON SALARIES.

THE *Petit Journal* of Paris in its August 30 edition gives some reminiscent statistics on salaries paid in that city to various musical and dramatic artists. We may as well give an explicit résumé of the list:

	ANNUAL SALARY.	Francs.	Dollars
Mlle. Rachel.....	66,000	13,200	
Mlle. Mars.....	40,000	8,000	
Naudin, the tenor.....	110,000	22,000	
Sophie Cravelli.....	100,000	20,000	
Fanny Elssler.....	46,000	9,200	
Taglioni.....	36,000	7,200	
1850.			
	ANNUAL SALARY.	Francs.	Dollars
M. Melchisédec (at the Opéra).....	48,000	9,600	
M. Escalais.... "	45,000	9,000	
Mlle. Mauri.... "	40,000	8,000	
Mlle. Dufranc.... "	36,000	7,200	

All these were artists of great fame in their days, the names being heralded with the same intensity that is now applied to the contemporaneous artists, although the people in Europe were never so foolish on the subject as we get here, as instance the absurd Paderewski fever we had. On Continental Europe Paderewski plays at long intervals at comparatively small incomes, and no one pays any particular attention to the barber's conduct toward his hair. Here his hirsute condition becomes a subject of national alarm, the fools giving him pages of illustration in the daily papers.

Now let us take the pay list of the *Petit Journal* on some of our acquaintances:

	MONTHLY SALARY.	(Limited to two or three months, utmost.)	Francs.	Dollars
M. Lassalle.....	11,000		2,200	
M. Jean de Reszké.....	6,000		1,200	
M. Edouard de Reszké.....	5,000		1,000	

At the Opéra Comique Maurel received 8,000 francs a month, equivalent to \$1,600.

These sums, official and exact, are even less than the original COURIER estimates. The fact is that M. Jean de Reszké never stood on the Continent as he did here. Every single claim we have made regarding this infamous imposition of the foreign operatic system as applied to us will in due time be completely verified.

What a contemptible lie that was de Reszké attempted to foist upon the people of this country when he stated over his signature that his income in Europe was as great as his American income, while he was getting a million and more francs a season here and 6,000 francs a month in Paris. How could he dare to lie so in the face of these figures? The noble character occupying a high pinnacle of vision would have credited this nation spontaneously with better taste and judgment for paying a greater price for a great artist, instead of attempting, under false colors, to make it appear that Europe was more appreciative than America by paying as much as America paid, the inference being implied that the cost of living in Europe was so much less, and hence the net profit so much greater for de Reszké. But Reszké could not see this. He was too grasping, too egotistic, and he concluded that if he lied this

way and made it appear that Europe appreciated him still more than we did, why, very naturally, we would have to pay still more the next time he came over and graciously deigned to sing for us. Good scheme if THE COURIER had not caught the liar.

This same man stated in the New York *Herald* of December 31, 1896, that he had then already sent to his home in Warsaw for a copy of the certificate of his birth, the purpose being to publish it in the *Herald* to prove his age. And yet when he wrote that letter he lied, for he had never sent for the certificate, and left this country without publishing it, treating the musical public with the most profound contempt. Of course we deserved such treatment—sycophants always do; but that does not excuse the lie.

If we go into this thing psychologically we will discover that these foreign operatic humbugs have been educated to suspend the moral status when they treat upon America, although this view of it is a more graceful concession to them than they deserve, for most of them are from the scum of European society, and morality is rather an incubus to them than a life principle which dare never be offended by temporary suspension.

HOW CAN IT BE FIXED?

WE have been in a quandary for years past as to what we should do with this paper; how to conduct its editorial, critical, literary, news and correspondence and other departments, with certain aims in view. We have devoted days, nights, weeks, months, years, and, as Anton Strelzki once said, aeons to the many questions impinging upon this problem, and during all that time we have been finding our reading circle enlarging, our constituency growing and our subscription list extending even far beyond our most exaggerated anticipations and ambitions. The number, quantity and extent of our subscription and news-stand readers perplexes us, and we do not know how to fix the thing so that some kind of a decent limit is finally reached and the question of musical information as applied to the masses brought within restrictions.

A solution may be within our grasp, for the Springfield *Republican* (this is the Springfield which lies in Massachusetts) of September 17 gives us some suggestions that may help us out. We reproduce typographically:

There is real and by no means satisfied need for a first-rate musical journal, to appeal both to educated musicians and to all thinking people who are interested in music. There are already a number of periodicals which are excellent in their way. THE MUSICAL COURIER, for example, is a singularly full and "newy" weekly budget of intelligence, which is quite essential to anyone who desires to keep informed as to what is going on in the world of music in this country and abroad. THE COURIER is not good, it is only indispensable, as is shown by the large circulation which it has in all parts of the country. With severe and authoritative editing, and a little more candor in its musical judgments, it might be made both useful and excellent; at present it is only useful. Probably no one takes its critical views seriously, for it is impossible to distinguish between reading matter and advertisements, but by practice one learns to pick out the nuggets of news without being affected by comment, and the news is reliable. As for the rest, the paper is a most extraordinary hodge-podge of letters from its regular contributors, among whom Philip Hale, of Boston, and Otto Floersheim, of Berlin, are the most important. When James Huneker, the "Raconteur," writes of music he generally has something interesting to say, but he has taken of late to giving most of his space to literary comments which have the yellow, unwholesome character, which is one of the worst traits of THE COURIER. It needs a censor. There have been copies which ought not to go into any decent house. This taint is not likely to be alleviated by the addition of the new dramatic department, of which it is only necessary to say that it is on a level with the stage. Its chief writers, Vance Thompson and James Huneker, were the leading spirits of the defunct *Mademoiselle New York*, a vile and sensual sheet, whose career was none too short for the good of the community. THE MUSICAL COURIER has shown its influence by its determined and measurable successful fight against high salaries to opera singers, and it could render important services to musical art if its ideals were higher, and if an efficient editorial check were placed on the voluminous rubbish of Fannie Edgar Thomas, of Paris, and the pert insolence of Miss Emily Grant von Tetzell, of Milwaukee. But it is easier to criticize THE COURIER than to get along without it.

It seems that it is this "rubbish" of Fannie Edgar Thomas and this pert insolence of the Von Tetzell girl and the "unwholesome" comments of Huneker and Vance Thompson that have put us in this fix, and the way out of it is to conduct the paper on another plan, so that the people "can get along without it." That will be the solution of the problem. When we make the change it will be gradual, for we fear the suddenness of shocks. In the meantime the Springfield *Republican* is all right too, although it is not in such a fix as we are.

ROSENTHAL

AS A VIRTUOSO.

III.

SEVERAL seasons ago there was a mighty potsher in this city about the strained and sentimental Beethoven readings of a visiting virtuoso. We were told by some professional men, experienced enough to have known better, that Beethoven could be played as the wind listeth, and that the feminine, capricious, *rubato* Beethoven was the real Beethoven. The harm done by those false criticisms was incalculable. Any miss fresh from the conservatory may now insist that her pretty, invertebrate distortions of the rhythmical life of Beethoven have the sanction of authority; that she is but following the fashion set by a fashionable pianist, whose pretensions to intellect were very slight.

The instant Rosenthal struck the opening bar of the great C minor sonata, op. 111, we felt the presence of a man. Rosenthal is, first of all things, virile, and he therefore comes fairly by the title of a virtuoso. Beethoven must be played by men, not by dancing masters or affected women, and the sincerity, strength and passion in Rosenthal's Beethoven playing are unmistakable.

We purpose taking this last sonata of the master's as a starting point in considering Rosenthal's virtuosity. He does not play the piano to startle, bewilder and astonish his hearers, although there is none other alive who can so thunder on the keyboard or dazzle by his lightning-like passage work, runs in double notes and monumental trills in octaves and tenths. Virtuosity, as Rosenthal comprehends it, is not mere essays in technical feats for the purpose of exhibiting finger facility or the tirelessness of the tricep muscles. The word for Rosenthal means the fullest exploiting of the composer's idea in its internal and external aspects. If brilliancy is needed it is present; if pathos, if passion, if poetry, if stern logic are demanded they are forthcoming. The *idea of the composer*, and how shall it be faithfully presented, is the dominating idea with this marvelous virtuoso. So it is that in his Beethoven playing we get all the rich sap of the composer, vigorous, bursting with elemental energy, yet controlled by a sane intellect, informed by a love for formal beauty and a reverence for tradition. Orchestral, indeed, are the effects wrought by this cunning master of tone-building, this conjurer of the *crescendo*, this wizard of the climax! But mark how finely graded are all the avenues of approach to the apex; how direct and logical the winged flight! It is a great brain that marshals these avalanches of tone, and the artist is never swept off his balance by the storms he evokes, thus fulfilling Diderot's injunction.

Rosenthal has at his finger tips all imaginable nuances of the keyboard, and he discriminates with supreme taste in his handling of purely vocal and purely instrumental touches. His *cantilena* has grown in lyric quality, and is velvety and rich and wooing. His polyphony is admirably tempered and clear as glass. He is also a master of miniature and can play an *étude* or a *prélude* of Chopin with *finesse* unapproachable, while his grasp of heavy tone masses never suggests turgidity nor even a suspicion of harsh clangor.

On the purely mechanical side he is without a peer. There is the delicacy of de Pachmann, the power of Rubinstein; while the lucidity of his runs, the clarity of his double notes and octaves, above all, the velocity and surety, make his work unique. In the old Weimar days Rosenthal would astonish the talented young men grouped about the Merlin of Weimar by his breathless flights of scales in double sixths. His fingers are the last message conceivable in the art of prestidigitation, yet the dignity of this artist is an efficient barrier against any temptation to charlatany.

As Tausig always mourned that he had never heard Chopin, so Rosenthal bewails the loss of Tausig, and that he never heard those magic fingers on the keyboard. Haunted by a passion for perfection, made furious by this tantalizing vision of impeccability, Rosenthal spends his life in the pursuit—mad pursuit to the worldly wise—of an artistic ideal. He would not only be the greatest pianist alive, but the greatest that ever lived, and his omnivorous reading, his many sided culture, are all

made servant to the consuming idea of a life consecrated to piano playing. And is not this in its most ample sense the definition of the true virtuoso?

Moriz Rosenthal has gone far, but who shall say how far his absorption in the idea of musical beauty will bring him? He is yet a young man, and his health has hitherto happily withstood the rigors of his consuming studies; so we may hope to again listen to his matchless eloquence, to his playing, in which there are the attributes of nobility and absolute technical perfection and a splendor that is Hellenic!

(Concluded.)

MUSICAL DISCOURSE IN BALTIMORE.

THE Baltimore American of last Friday published an interview with Professor or Doctor (as he is now called) Hamerik, of the Peanut Conservatory of Music of that city, in which, among other reflections upon some of the vicissitudes of his recent trip to Europe, the Knight of the Danebrog. Professor and Doctor says:

Of course traveling is not without its inconveniences, and I think the most pleasant part after all is to get safely home and then think it all over.

"The nurse problem confronted us from our very start," continued the doctor, with a weary look playing about his features, as he recalled this feature of the trip. "The girl we started with left us to come back here and be married. Since then we have had eleven different nurses, all of whom spoke a different tongue. My baby's ideas of language are terribly mixed; for instance, she knows nothing about the American Bo-peep, but can play the game to perfection if you propose it by its German appellation."

Dr. Hamerik laughed heartily as he told of his trials with the multifold, multilingual nurse girl. The trip home was stormy until the Banks had been left behind. Dr. Hamerik thinks that the Gulf Stream and the Banks act as an oceanic dividing line for the temperature and weather generally, just as the Alps serve to divide the North of Europe, with its low clouds and raw weather, from Southern Europe, with clear skies and balmy breezes.

The director could state nothing definite concerning the plans of the conservatory for the coming season, except to state that Miss Cecilia Gaul would assume the duties laid down by Mr. Burmeister, and that her sister, Miss Marie Gaul, would assist Professor Minnetti. The competition for the alumni scholarship—three year course in piano—will be competed for again on the 23d.

Instead of a new Nurse suite Mr. Hamerik can now find inspiration right at home for a Nurse suite, with familiar subjects and themes to vary the usual monotony of Scandinavian material. The Nurse suite, op. 98, could open with a bottle motive, interspersed with milk shakes and arpeggios. Prior to the marriage of Hamerik's first nurse (dramatic soprano with tremolo) a love duet could be introduced and to represent the eleven different nurses of the young Hamerik. Each one using a different language, all that is necessary is to borrow the chorus Mr. Grau has here for his opera company, for there are about a dozen different tongues sung at the same time in the chorus of Lohengrin alone. It must be remembered a Nurse suite necessarily must have vocal parts.

Here also will come the great opportunity for Mr. Hamerik to utilize and apply his studies with chickens, as published some time ago, when he described his researches into Leghorns, Brahmas, Polanders and Bantams. The egg nog motive combined with the milk shake motive will give Mr. Hamerik his great chance for exhibiting his force as contrapuntalist, particularly if he should introduce the popular Kikeriki theme.

Years ago, many years ago, this paper predicted that nothing can ever be accomplished in the direction of musical artistic development in any community that was handicapped by a man of Mr. Hamerik's calibre—utterly impracticable and unable to create a single diversion in the proper direction. Our prediction has been verified completely. Baltimore has an annually victorious baseball nine, but outside of that it has no artistic elevation that makes its name known beyond the borders of Maryland. No art, be it painting, sculpture, the drama or music, can prosper in a city which supports for a quarter of a century a Hamerik, as against the modern tendencies of the intellectual times. No symphony concerts, no opera, no dramatic events, no art gallery, no art of any kind receives support or attention from the public or press of Baltimore, one of the richest cities of this Union, and the reasons can easily be adduced. At the same time the people of that city are deluded with the idea that they really possess all these things, and that there is no need of anything beyond what they own or believe they know. It was to such a community that Mr.

Hamerik naturally drifted, for it was in such a community only that such a character could live.

Imagine the banks of Nova Scotia acting as an oceanic dividing line when they form a coast extension! Are there not storms north as well as south of the Gulf Stream? The whole Hamerik scheme, with its Peanut Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, is the greatest of all of our musical farces.

ANOTHER FAKE.

THE Sun last Monday printed another of its impossible stories about the Reszkés. Here it is:

Emma Eames is said to have decided to accompany Jean and Edouard de Reszké to Russia next winter to take part in the series of Wagner performances at St. Petersburg, in which they will be the principal performers. After the season in St. Petersburg the company will appear in Moscow and Warsaw. It is said that Jean de Reszké is in reality the manager of the company, and he has engaged Dr. Hans Richter, of Vienna, to go along as conductor.

Richter has engagements ahead for years, and he is not likely to go out with any fly-by-night companies that do a one-night stand business. Reszké is always about to sing somewhere in Europe, but outside of London he never does. He will sing in Warsaw, his native town, but, like Paderewski, he can never get an engagement on the Continent. He was to have sung in Bayreuth this summer, and so was Eames. Now it is deferred to 1898. He was "in reality" the manager of the Metropolitan Opera House until the public grew tired of him, and he had to get out. Really this Reszké news in the papers becomes tiresome, for it is contradicted the week after it is printed. As for St. Petersburg, Jean's *fiasco* there some years ago settles him forever. The Russians don't want him, and so he is forced to sing in his birthplace for glory and the Czar. Give us a rest with the Reszké plans. America is the only place that ever tolerated him; the only place where he made money.

THE PRIDE OF PHILADELPHIA.

WHAT is Philadelphia's pride at the present moment of writing? Is it Saint John Wanamaker? is it Sir Matt Quay? or, yet, is it the possession of Fairmount Park? None of these things, no, not even the proud knowledge of housing a lot of Biddies, may be compared to the joy of owning Walter Damrosch for the entire opera season. The glories of Willow Park have faded. The rude mob and those who are musical will have none of Walter and his Wagner, but the Philadelphia opera-goer is cast in another mold. After deriding Wagner and lauding Flotow for a half century he has, thanks to Gustav Hinrichs, become conscious that there is another composer in the opera world besides Herr Willard Spenser, the creator of the epic "Princess Bonnie."

Philadelphia just now is Wagner-mad, and it wants its Wagner anyhow, any old way, so it is Wagner. Therefore Walter is the pride of its heart just now, and it will, in its misplaced maternal fondness, endure his absurd libels on the master, his mis-readings, his gang of tenth-rate artistically expatriated German howlers, his mean and scrubby stage furnishings and costumes, and his mediocre orchestra. The fact that Melba was corralled into such a crowd makes no difference to the uncritical Philadelphian who prefers his Wagner with water—cloudy water—rather than no Wagner at all. We expect this season to read glowing accounts of Melba as Brünnhilde, Melba as Siegfried, Melba as Siegmund, as Fricka, as Isolde, as Wotan, as Hunding, as Tristan, for she is the only singer in the company, and we all know of her versatility in Wagnerian roles. O thrice happy Philadelphian, O thrice happy Walter, the pride of Quakertown and its musical glass of fashion!

Some Ogden Crane Pupils.—Edith Hutchings is now understudy for Hilda Clarke, of the Bostonians; Eva Brown (stage name, Madeline Burdett), is with the Irving Comedy Company; Miss Bridges and Miss Florine are now with Hoyt's Company. All these young women are fresh students from the superior vocal school of Madame Crane. Miss Stella Bligh is another prominent pupil, in charge of the vocal music at the State Normal School, Oneonta, N. Y. Madame Crane has had a very successful school at Asbury Park this summer, and there are strong efforts to induce her to devote a day to Philadelphia.



A CATCH.

(From the Tragi-Comedy of *The False Astrologer*.)

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

We know what is, but what will be
We know not; no one ever knew;
The gods themselves cannot foresee
(If gods there be) what men may do.
Prophecies are arrows shot in the dark
At an unseen mark.
If they miss it, we let them go.
If they hit it, as sometimes they will,
When the night winds thither blow,
We magnify the skill
Of the hand that held the bow.
The only thing we know
Is that we live and die,
Not the inscrutable why!
Poor puppets of crumbling clay,
The world goes round and round
And we go with it—here to-day—
To-morrow under ground.

TO my enormous surprise I found this paragraph in the London *Figaro*, not written by Percy Betts, who is no longer its music critic, but by "Third Class Shot," and very well named he is:

"And thus it is that the popularity of Wagner's music (in that of his drama I entirely disbelieve) is due wholly to its pandering to passion. It is sensual in its sentiment, even where at first hearing one may think otherwise. All the energies of a mind of rare power, all the resources of the modern orchestra, have been directed to the setting forth of this one passion. In Wagner's work there are fine sonorous effects, grand and imposing moments, when all the forces of stagecraft and music are brought together, and no doubt the audiences in such cases are deeply impressed. Still, the impression is not a lasting one. They do not return again and again for it. What they like, what they thirst for, is the sensuality, the languorous, inarticulate rhapsody, the losing of intellect and soul in an absorbing passion. It has often struck me as singular, and yet not beyond explanation, that our moral purists seem to be completely blind to the fact that there is such a thing as musical indecency and that it is to be found in the most respectable quarters. Plato was by no means wrong when he laid it down that certain kinds of music should not be permitted. It is not Wagner alone, however, who is to blame in this respect. The pushing modern composer wants to have his work performed and the conductor wants to loom largely in the public eye, and between them they banish the older classics as far as they can and enter into what is practically a conspiracy against public morals. And Mrs. Grundy has not a word to say against it."

If it were not for hay fever and these languorous nights of harvest moons and glorious sneezing, I would pen a protest against the anti-sensual party in music, the party that would rob the art of all its healthy, throbbing humanity; drain it of its rich, red blood. Music is eminently sensual; it is a sort of glorified sensual mathematics. To see in it only gymnastic, contrapuntal flights, to set it apart as the Pope would have us, as a pure handmaiden of the Lord, is to relinquish the hard won victories of modern composers, the victories of matter over manner.

Grant that Wagner's music has sensuous charm; admit, with the chaste Nordau, that it is music that frets the nerves and sets going a chain of ruddy imaginings; concede the very worst, and then what happens? We cannot feed forever on fugues. What is life itself, my virtuous master? Isn't it gross? Isn't love itself sometimes shocking in its manifestations? Oh, you people who are so nasty nice that Goethe is coarse, Shakespeare shocking and Wagner sensual, whence do you come, whence go you? Nature is rank, is heroically coarse, and the man

whose pulses do not quiver during the second act of *Tristan* is as bloodless as a turnip, and we'll have none of him.

It has been the aim of art from its very beginnings to image life full orb'd, primal and powerful; but take my word for it, the mind that puzzles out nastiness in nature and great works of art is a nasty mind in itself.

The writer in *Figaro* would discern hidden lechery in Tchaikovsky's trombones and shudder at his great song, *Nur wer die Sehnsucht Kennt*.

Get along with such dull oafs, such addle-pated rascals.

Such a one is the hero of Philip Hale's superb bit of morbid analysis, *The Fine Ear*, and Coleridge thought of his like when he wrote: "The razor's edge becomes a saw to the armed vision, and the delicious melodies of Purcell and Cimarosa might be disappointed stammerings to a hearer whose partition of time should be a thousand times subtler than ours."

Down at Schaffskopf Bay I am lolling at ease, and as I loaf I invite my soul to a handkerchief, for with the hunter's moon of the first fall month comes the tickling enemy that invades the nostrils. Yet while I sneeze I rejoice with the sea and read. Such a medley of books!

Fancy Walter Pater's *The Epicurean*; his unfinished romance, *Gaston De La Tour*; fancy Ouida's *The Massarenes*, and Richard Le Gallienne's *The Quest of the Golden Girl*!

Yet the open air has proved a solvent for even this varied mass, and when I dream o' nights it is of red-headed damsels of the times of Epicurus being pursued by bald-headed millionaires in mediæval togery.

Mr. Le Gallienne has a slippery pen, and presently you fail to take an interest in his gracious female idiots and sentimental, sorrowful strumpets.

All masculine beings have chased the impossible She of their morning dreams, and of course never found her. She has not eluded us, for she does not exist out of the golden verse of the poets. Oh, how much more satisfactory is the girl of whom the poets never rhyme! She eats beefsteaks, she "bikes," and if she plays Chopin it is the robust ring of his heroic polonaises she craves, not his milk and moonlit nocturnes. Walt Whitman sang her praises, and while our souls go out to the anæmic fay of the woodland dell, we marry the stout girl who wears a number six shoe.

Such is the irony of the years.

Some day, when I have achieved Vance Thompson's great age and experience, I shall tell you of the quest of the golden girl in America, or rather the quest of the girl with gold.

The best things are never finished. Witness Robert Louis Stevenson's *St. Ives* and *The Weir of Hermiston* and Pater's *Gaston De La Tour*. Mr. Pater is in this last book the delightful Pater of the *Imaginary Portraits*; its pages are ripe with life and lore, and I can conjure up no more charming pages than the visits to Ronsard and Michel Montaigne. He has distilled for us all the philosophy and poetry of the two masters, and in the closing leaves of the work we get a strenuous vision of Bruno Giordano, who should be Saint Bruno to all freethinkers.

I can recommend no better book for the sad, sweet autumn than *Gaston* and the laying bare of his soul by his creator.

Of Ouida's last novel I prefer letting an eloquent pen make an eloquent defense of a brilliant woman. This is what little Max Beerbohm wrote of her in the *Saturday Review*, and his prose was never more sparkling:

"With their fair, silken moustachios and their plumed hats and their velvet jackets, Ouida's guardsmen, pegs for luxury and romance, are vastly stimulating. I should like to have peered through the cloud of 'Turkish' that did always involve them, and have seen Lord Vaucluse tossing aside a pile of millefleurs-scented notes and quaffing curaçoa, as he pondered the chances of Peach Bloom for the Guards' steeple-chase, or the last mad caprice of Léla Liette! Too

languid, as he lay there on his divan, to raise the vinaigrette to his nostrils, he was one who had served his country through more than one campaign on the boiling plains of the Sahara; he who, in the palace of a *nouveau riche*, had refused the bedchamber assigned to him, on the plea that he could not sleep under a false Fragonard, had often camped *à la belle étoile* in the waste places of Central Asia; thrice he had passed through the D. C. as calmly as he would swim the Hellespont or toss off a beaker of rosy Comet wine; with his girlish hands that duchesses envied he had grappled lions in the jungle, and would think nothing of waiting for hours, heedless of frost and rain, to bring down some rocketer he had marked in warm corner at Carichel or Longleat. Familiar with Cairene bazaars as with the matchless deer forests of Dunrobin, with the brown fens round Melton Mowbray as with the incomparable grace and brilliance of the Court of Hapsburg; *bienvenu* in the Vatican as in the Quirinal; deferred to by Dips and Décorés in all the salons of Europe, and before whom even queens turned to coquettes and kings to comrades; careless, caressed, insouciant; of all men the beloved or envied; inimitable alike in his grace of person and in the perfection of his taste; passing from the bow windows of St. James' to the faded and fetid alleys of Stamboul, from the Quartier Bréda to the Newski Prospect, from the citron groves of Cashmere, the gay fuchsia garden of Simla to the hideous chaos of Illinois, a region scorched by the sirocco, swept by inextinguishable prairie fires, sepultured in the white shrouds of remorseless blizzards, and—as though that were not enough—befouled with the fumes and crushed with the weight of a thousand loathsome cities, which are swift as the mushroom in their growth, far more deadly than the *fungus fatalis* of the Midi—it was here, passing with easy nonchalance as the foal passes from one pasture to another, with a flight swifter than the falcon's, luxurious in its appurtenance as a Shah's seraglio; it was here, in these whirling circles of intrigue and pleasure and romance, and in this span of an illimitable nomad, that flew the nights and days of Philip, Ninth Marquis of Vauclerc, as the world knew him—"Fifi" of the First Life.

"But, though she has become a mentor, she is still Ouida, still that unique, flamboyant lady, one of the miracles of modern literature. After all these years, she is still young and swift and strong, towering head and shoulders over all the other women (and all but very few of the men) who are writing English novels. That the reviewers have tardily trumpeted her is amusing, but no cause for congratulation. I have watched them closely in their notices of *The Massarenes*. They have the idiot's cunning and seek to explain their behavior by saying that Ouida has entirely changed. Save in the slight respect I have noted, Ouida has not changed at all. She is still Ouida. That is the high compliment I would pay her."

That first paragraph in sustained force and Ouida-like music is a wonder, is it not?

Constantin von Sternberg will again enter the concert field this season. I know of no more delightful raconteur, no solder musician and skilled pianist. If he could be induced to devote part of his program to his inimitable parodies of music and musicians, his recitals would be doubly successful.

I sincerely hope that modesty will not prevent him from playing some of his own piano music. His gavotte is a classic, and, unlike many prize

specimens of this form, has imprisoned within its bars the true old rococo and sprightly gavotte spirit.

The following poem is by Oliver Wendell Holmes:

Who sees, unmoved, a ruin at his feet,
The lowliest home where human hearts have beat?
The hearth-stone, shaded with the bistre stain,
A century's showery torrents wash in vain;
Its starving orchard where the thistle blows,
And mossy trunks still mark the broken rows;
Its chimney-loving poplar, oftener seen
Next an old root, or where a roof has been;
Its knot grass, plantain—all the social weeds,
Man's mute companions following where he leads;
Its dwarfed pale flowers, that show their straggling heads
Sown by the wind from grass-choked garden beds;
Its woodbine creeping where it used to climb;
Its roses breathing of the olden time;
All the poor shows the curious idler sees,
As life's thin shadows waste by slow degrees,
Till naught remains, the saddening tale to tell,
Save last life's wrecks—the cellar and the well!

"The poet's chanting voice rose with a triumphant swell in the climax, and 'There,' he said, 'isn't it so? The cellar and the well—they can't be thrown down or burned up; they are the human monuments that last longest, and defy decay.' He rejoiced openly in the sympathy that recognized with him the divination of a most pathetic, most signal fact, and he repeated the last couplet again at our entreaty, glad to be entreated for it."

Griffith E. Griffith, Bass.—This fine voice has been heard and much enjoyed recently at the First Presbyterian Church, Yonkers (Dr. Pentecost's). Mr. Griffiths has also substituted for Duft, Miles and others, and with entire satisfaction to all. He has charge of the vocal work at the Y. M. C. A. on Fifty-seventh street, and is again instructing the voice at his studio on Ninety-seventh street, this city.

Ludwig August Dorer.—Mr. Dorer has opened his work for the season in a well appointed studio in the Pough Mansion, Brooklyn, and offers a thorough course of musical education to those desiring to study this branch. His past successes lead him to believe that he has an equally successful future before him.

Mr. Dorer is an American by birth, whose parents are Germans of rare musical abilities. In 1861 the Dorer family left the United States for their native country, where Ludwig, at the age of seven years, began his first music lessons given by his father; after two years' instruction he was capable of accompanying his father at public concerts.

At twelve years of age young Dorer became one of the leading violinists in the Symphony Society and the great Cathedral orchestra at Freiburg, Baden, during which period he gained the admiration of several distinguished musicians and patrons of music. He was introduced into the first musical and social circles, where his gifted talents soon made him a favored guest.

The period following was devoted entirely to an earnest, thorough study of music under the best masters at the highest music schools and conservatories in Germany. In 1876, at the age of sixteen, young Dorer returned to America, and after a severe struggle he secured the position of musical director at the Academy of Music in Rochester, N. Y. One year later Mr. Dorer accepted the appointment as conductor of the German Leiderkranz at Scranton, Pa., at the same time fulfilling his duties as organist and choirmaster at one of the foremost churches in that city. He also filled engagements as soloist on piano and violin at public concerts. The remainder of his time was spent in composing and giving musical instruction. His reputation here as an active and thorough musician led to his being selected for festival conductor at the grand Saenger-Fest. Mr. Dorer was at this time seventeen years of age.

The following years were spent in New York and Brooklyn, where his activity in the capacity of musical director, organist and choirmaster, instructor of piano, violin, violoncello and voice culture gave him prominence in musical circles.

As a pianist, Mr. Dorer plays everything of importance in the whole range of piano literature, which offers ample proof of his ability to master the intellectual and technical difficulties of piano playing. As a player of chamber music Mr. Dorer stands on a level with the noted celebrities. He possesses the necessary broad and refined conception as well as the power to hold the other players in unison with himself. Lastly Mr. Dorer is a daring sight reader of excellent ability.



BRITISH OFFICES THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENARD SQUARE,
LONDON, W., September 11, 1897.

M. LAMOUREUX, who is about to dissipate his orchestra, has been engaged by Mr. Robert Newman to conduct three series of concerts with Mr. Newman's Queen's Hall Orchestra, consisting of 108 performers, during the seasons of 1897-8. The first will be held on the evenings of November 8, 10, 24 and December 1; the second on the evenings of February 2, 16, March 2 and 15, and the third series on April 20 and May 4. Mr. Newman has now the making of what will probably be the finest orchestra in London.

In conversation with him the other day I learned that when he engaged the orchestra this summer he found that some of the violinists, who were supposed to be first-class players and had held seats in the best London orchestras for years, could not play in tune. This inability to play satisfactorily was shared by men who played other instruments, so no one was selected for the present orchestra except those who were capable. They have not yet attained a good ensemble, but ere many months are past their playing will be superb.

M. Lamoureux, with his orchestra, made a name for himself which attracted good houses at each of the six concerts given both in the spring and autumn of 1896 and last spring. The support accorded by musical people here was significant, and Mr. Newman has thought it policy to secure M. Lamoureux to conduct his own (Newman's) orchestra for these series of concerts, and we shall wait with interest to see how this "chef d'orchestre" succeeds in directing a body of men, some of whom have played under many noted conductors. The tickets will be: Reserved, 12s. 6d., 19s. 6d., 7s. 6d., and 5s., and a limited number of unreserved, 2s. 6d. and 1s. The subscription for the best seats, for the four performances, is 2 guineas.

Leschetizky, the pedagogue of the piano, is expected to arrive in London from Vienna the 20th inst. He will remain here a week or ten days, when one or two receptions will be given in his honor.

A new system of electric lighting is being installed at the Garrick Theatre prior to the opening of that house, with Offenbach's comic opera, "La Perichole."

Madame Patti has been in town for the past few days, and on Saturday attended a performance of "La Poupee," and on Monday the "Sign of the Cross" at the Lyric.

The will of the famous English organist, Mr. W. T. Best, has been proved by his widow. The personality is sworn at £2,578.

Mr. F. E. Robertson has just issued, through Messrs. Sampson-Low, Maston & Co., a practical treatise on organ building. This work contains some 350 pages, and gives many valuable and minute descriptions and specifications of important instruments in all parts of the world.

Messrs. Basil Hood and Walter Slaughter have written a new comic opera, to be called the "Duchess of Dijon," which will be produced shortly.

Loie Fuller has been engaged to perform, among other novelties, a new Fire Dance at the Empire.

Mr. Hedmond contemplates a revival of "Hänsel and Gretel." He has not decided, but he may run that at matinees, with "Rip Van Winkle" in the evenings. Some of the members of the company will be drawn upon to give a performance of this opera at the Crystal Palace, the 23d,

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where Mr. Hedmond and those who support him will give a matinee of "Rip Van Winkle" two days previous.

It was reported in London, yesterday, that arrangements were now complete whereby a series of Wagner operas, including a performance of "Siegfried," "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger," would be given under Richter's direction in St. Petersburg, Moscow and other Russian cities, this coming winter. The artists will include the de Reszkes, Herr Riehmann, Madame Eames and Madame Moran-Olden.

M. Gabriel Fauré is hard at work upon an opera entitled "L'Ouragon," to a libretto written by Zola. It is rumored that he has been commissioned by Lady de Grey and Mr. Higgins to write a ballet for Covent Garden for next year. This, however, is not confirmed.

Signor Tito Ricordi has arrived in England to superintend the rehearsals of Puccini's "Le Villi," which, as already announced, Mr. Rouseby will produce at Manchester.

It is rumored that Humperdinck's opera, "The King's Children," will be given in London next spring in English.

Mr. E. B. Norman reports that Mr. Michael Morton's new farce, "Miss Francis of Yale," has "caught on," the second night's house being a record one. Matinees will be commenced to-morrow at 3 p.m., and a special Wednesday matinee will be given on September 15.

Ysaye, the violinist, has arranged for a concert of British music at Brussels this winter. It will be conducted by Dr. Villiers Stanford, while Mr. Leonard Borwick will be the pianist, and the vocalists will be Miss Brema and Mr. Plunket Greene. This is one of M. Ysaye's series of international concerts, two German concerts being directed by Herr Mottl, the Scandinavian concert by Herr Svendsen, an Italian concert by Signor Martucci, a French concert by M. Vincent d'Indy and a Belgian concert by M. Jéhin.

It is reported that Mr. Avon Saxon (formerly singing in America), who went out to South Africa last year, has been getting into trouble with the Natal critics. One of them being rash enough to criticise his performance in the Elijah, Mr. Saxon showed his indignation in a rather forcible manner, and had to pay £5 as a fine for assault.

Bazzini's violin, a Guarnerius del Gesu, has brought £600. It was purchased by Herr Hamming, of Leipzig.

A convention of choirmasters and music teachers will be held on September 16, 17 and 18 at the Royal Manchester College of Music, with Mr. J. Spencer Curwen as president. Model lessons, discussions and papers are arranged for on the following among other topics: "The Difficulties of Modern Choral Music," "The Introduction of the Staff Notation to Tonic Sol-fa Scholars," "Vocal Resonance and Breathing," "The Use of Orchestral Instruments in Places of Worship," "How Organists May Become Choirmasters," "Popular Violin Classes," "Training Boys in Brass and Woodwind Instruments."

Mr. William C. Carl, the well-known American organist, arrived in London Tuesday afternoon. Arrangements had been previously made for him to play at the Crystal Palace Thursday afternoon and evening, and in Queen's Hall, at the Promenade Concerts, last night. At the Palace he played upon the large four manual organ (which has something like eighty speaking stops) to a very large audience. This organ is one of the representative ones of the old school of organ construction, and Mr. Carl had to adapt his programs to that, and thus meet the difficulty of changing the stops, which have to be pulled out separately instead of automatically, as by modern applications.

Mr. Carl's programs were well chosen, as was expected from his reputation in the United States, and contained examples of the best works of the ancient and modern schools. The "Concert-Satz" of Thiele, which abounds with technical difficulties, was a remarkable performance and exemplified to the English audience Mr. Carl's ability as an executant of the highest order, and with a well-nigh perfect technic. The pedal passages were marvelously well played in the air from the D minor organ concerto of Händel, when

Mr. Carl's legato was shown to advantage; this movement as well as the allegro and finale were well done.

Mr. Carl aroused great enthusiasm with his own "Air and Variations," and received an encore. I may say in this connection, that an encore is very rare at these Crystal Palace recitals. The "Communion" of Guilmant (dedicated to Mr. Carl) and Bach's fugue in D major were also given with high artistic finish. The audience accorded him an ovation at the end of the second recital.

In Queen's Hall on Friday Mr. Carl chose for his number on the program of the Promenade Concerts the interesting "Suite Gothique," which Leon Boellmann, the French organist, has dedicated to him. The fine four manual organ is one of the best examples in England of modern organ construction, and Mr. Carl was able to secure the best possible effects.

The introduction and chorale which opens the above work was broadly played, and the crisp, clear touch in the "Minuet Gothique" was delightful to hear. The "Prière à Notre Dame" was the most effective movement in the piece, and seldom has such legato playing been heard here. Mr. Carl registered with exceptional taste, and altogether his artistic achievement in this part of the work won immediate recognition and was rewarded with spontaneous and prolonged applause. The toccato, which closes the work, was brilliantly given, and without a doubt Mr. Carl's first appearance in London was a great success.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

The Promenade Concerts have proved even more popular than last year, and when Mr. Wood has finally succeeded in getting his orchestra well in hand the performances, which have up to the present been excellent, apart from a certain roughness, will surpass anything in this form of entertainment we have had.

Mr. Newman and Mr. Wood have been eclectic in their choice of programs, drawing them from every source, except that of American composers, which fault, I trust, will be overcome ere the season is closed.

Space will not permit me to give the program of this series. In order to further illustrate the way they are drawn up, I will, like last week, quote those for Saturday, the "popular" night, and those for Monday, the Wagner night:

SATURDAY.—Intermezzo, "Philémon and Baucis" (Gounod); Graceful Dances from "Henry VIII." (Sullivan); overture, "Mignon" (Thomas); Suite No. 1, "Peer Gynt" (Grieg); entr'acte, "Summer Dreams" (W. A. Squire); overture, "Rienzi" (Wagner); Slavonic Dance (Dvorák); grand fantasia, "Tannhäuser" (Wagner); march, "Gablenz" (Strauss).—Mme. Lucile Hill, Mr. Louis Frolick, Mr. Claude Hobday, Mr. Manuel Gomez, Mr. Howard Reynolds, Mr. Percy Pitt.

MONDAY (WAGNER NIGHT).—Huldigung's March; overture, "Rienzi"; "Tannhäuser" selections; prelude to Act III., "Die Meistersinger"; Procession of the Gods to Walhalla; Elsa's Dream; Wolfram's Tournament Song; duet from "Flying Dutchman"; grand fantasia, "The Yeoman of the Guard" (Sullivan); march, "Habt Acht" (Gung!).—Mme. Marie Duma, Mr. William Ludwig.

Mr. Wood evidently thinks the time has already come when Tschaikowsky's scores need editing. I can understand this with Mont Verdi or Purcell, who might be improved occasionally by substituting modern instruments for some obsolete lutes and viols in their scores, but to tamper with Tschaikowsky at this date is intolerable. In the "Casse-noisette" the trumpet B at the end of the "Arabian Dance" is omitted. In the B minor symphony, the four notes for the bassoons are played by the bass clarinet. Perhaps Mr. Wood thinks it does not matter in this formless, feverish score. The minute suite of César Cui is pretty and tuneful, and the typical Russian style, as we know it, is less pronounced in this suite than its origin leads us to expect.

The performance on Friday of Beethoven's symphony in C minor served to show the immense strides this young conductor has made in his art.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

Most Englishmen believe that by saying "I guess" in a nasal tone they are imitating the "real American" accent.

Most Americans think that exclaiming, "Really, by Jove!" entitles them to pass for "quite awfully English, you know." Most Italian composers are under the impression that a Neapolitan romance ending with a deceptive cadence, a recitative that is not *secco*, a few cymbal clashes and drum beats thrown in here and there and often, and the whole score seasoned with secondary seventh chords, especially on the brass, make a modern music-drama. Signor Franco Leoni may or may not believe so, but at any rate he has produced a work that is modeled after the manner of those Italians who do think they are composing music-dramas.

When Signor Leoni is writing a lyrical tune he is happy, and the result is satisfactory. When he tries to be dramatic or descriptive he falls into plagiarism. Many and potent are the memories that this opera awakens. Our recollections and associations flit from score to score, from song to song, and symphony in a surprising manner. Perhaps the most daring pilfering of all is that of the "Forest Murmurs," from Wagner's "Siegfried." The horn melody near the beginning of Act II. is curiously like the principal theme of the finale of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. The songs, "So Long Ago" is in spirit like Massenet's "Elegy." Then there is suggestion of "Connaiss tu le pays," from Thomas' "Mignon." But this in passing.

With the spirit of the work generally I found myself frequently at variance. My slower moving Northern nature was not moved by the short and rapid climaxes which never reached any great intensity. A German composer would have taken some minutes longer to work up his greatest effects, but they would have been more powerful. This rushing to a climax weakened the effect of the beautiful movement, "Those Village Bells." The chorus, "The Katskills," is strong and dramatic after what has gone before, and the end of Act II. is realistic and effective after the dragging and uninteresting scene between Katrina and Knickerbocker in the mountains.

At the Saturday performance I believe I heard the echo, which answers the chorus call, an octave lower than the call. I hardly think this true to nature. But then strange things happen in the Catskills, otherwise how could it be that Rip was not discovered as he lay sleeping in the open space to which and from whence the villagers came and went so easily?

Many of the composer's effects, however good elsewhere, were inappropriate to the accompanying action. The storm and stress music oddly mutters and rumbles while Rip wakes from his twenty years' sleep. One might almost fancy the composer saying: "The thunders and tempests of twenty years have not disturbed him; now I will see what my trombones and drums will do." It surely would not hurt the opera in the least to substitute a more ideal and romantic dance for the ballroom waltz given to the Spirit of the Mountains. But then her clothes are in the boulevard style; why not also her music? Under more appropriate conditions this would have been a charming scene, for Miss Selwicke is most graceful and insinuating.

Very little polyphony is to be found in the score. The composer's Italian homophony is in evidence throughout. I do not mention this as a fault. On the contrary. If Signor Leoni had been truer to the traditions of sunny Italy in structure as well as in melody, if he had remained pure Italian instead of trying to assume the "leoneine" power of the slow-going North, his work would have possessed more charm, because more truth.

The accompaniments in some places quite overpowered the voice—a most un-Italian proceeding. The Germans do this frequently, but not the Italians. If these accompaniments were written lower in pitch, if there had been less soprano and more tenor and bass, so to speak, the orchestra would have gained in sonority and at the same time the voices would have stood out in better relief.

Mr. William Akerman, the author who has embroidered upon this legend, has some capital ideas, but, alack and

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alas! he has, to begin with, no sense of humor. There is no balance wheel like a sense of humor. A Rip without fun is something like a violet without fragrance. Sly old Washington Irving winks and chuckles between the lines of the original legend—for the pathos, felt, not openly expressed, comes to you only as an after-taste. The Irving-Akerman blend in writing is not a very good one. There are either too many authors or too few. If it were Irving dramatized but not amended by Akerman, or Akerman made humorous and poetic by Irving, or Irving, Akerman, Burnand, Gilbert, Sims & Co., the result would have been better.

Mr. Akerman first sets up Washington Irving's legend of "Rip Van Winkle," and then proceeds to demolish it by deleting its originality, humor and simplicity: he replaces these qualities by a few touches of conventional melodrama. Afraid, however, to let the melodrama work itself out as such, he repents in time to finish the play with a little dose of Irving and water. The new threads are merely laid on the fabric of the piece, they are not woven into it.

It has already been proved that it is possible to construct a successful, long-lived play or a fascinating opera bouffe by following the exact lines laid down by Washington Irving. We know that the original theme, dramatized by anyone with a fair knowledge of construction, is acceptable to the public, either with or without music. There is no occasion to question the quality of a piece of writing that has already had a prosperous business career of seventy-eight years.

Since Washington Irving's legend has long ago outgrown our praise or blame, the question that remains to be considered is the one that refers to Mr. Akerman. Was he wise to try to graft the melodrama of the Strand upon the poetry of the Catskills? One may answer, like a Yankee, by another question: Is it advisable to "gild refined gold or paint the lily?" Mr. Akerman has a right to claim that it is. Writers may be very successful without being in the least artistic, witness Miss Marie Corelli with "The Sorrows of Satan," and Mr. A. C. Gunter with "Mr. Barnes of New York." But people of that kind succeed by means of a plunging self-sufficiency that overrides everything, including the laws of art. Mr. Akerman is either too much or too little of an artist. He chooses a legend of romantic beauty, the kind of theme that would appeal to a man of taste, and he adds to it just enough melodrama to spoil it, and not enough to make it over into a successful something else.

Suppose he had let go in good Adelphi fashion. If the improvident Rip, on the point of being evicted by Derrick von Slaus, had found in his wanderings on the mountains a pot of buried gold, and with it paid his debt, keeping the payment secret for a few hours in order to work up a happy surprise for his despairing wife. If he had returned into the mountains, taking the receipt with him, and after loading his pockets with further treasure, had been bewitched by the Spirit of the Mountain and put to sleep for twenty years. If Derrick von Slaus, finding that Rip and the receipt had disappeared, had turned Gretchen and Alice into the street to wander about as beggars. If, at the end of twenty years, Gretchen was dead and Alice almost starving, why, of course, the longlost father would awake just in the nick of time.

And one has only to continue turning a crank to see the father with the missing paper and a bag of gold returning to the village just as Derrick has been elected mayor. It follows that Rip enjoys the pleasure of denouncing Derrick into a stroke of paralysis and seeing him carried off to jail, while father and daughter take possession of their own property, plus twenty years' improvements at Derrick's expense—and so on ad libitum. Plots of this kind may be picked up gratis in the Strand.

There is this saving grace about melodrama—it not only gives you something to see and something to sing about, but once you get up steam it goes straight through to a

WE append three specimen programs of organ concerts arranged by Mr. Clarence Eddy, the renowned organist, from which the selection for the creation of a program can be made.

The program No. 1 was in itself a stupendous task, and yet we find the Nos. 2 and 3 numbers which we should be sorry to miss, particularly when played by such an artist. The programs display a great versatility and as well the universality of Mr. Eddy.

Mr. Eddy's season in the West began on September 10, and he was in this city last week. He will continue to play until the end of the year in the United States. He will then leave for Europe, beginning a concert tour in Berlin, thence through Austria and Italy, where he will play in Venice, Milan and Rome, after which he will visit Paris, to give his annual concert in that city. It must be understood that Mr. Eddy plays organ concerts for six months in Europe, and six months in America—an unprecedented artistic balance.

SPECIMEN PROGRAM NO. 1.

Fantaisie, op. 31 (new).....	Oreste Ravanello
Evening Song (new).....	M. Enrico Bossi
Nuptial March (new).....	
Canzone (new).....	King Hall
(NOTE.—King Hall is one of the cleverest and most interesting of the English composers to-day.)	
Rhapsodie on Catalonian airs (new).....	Eugene Gigout
Lamentation, op. 45.....	Alex. Guilmant
Prelude and fugue in D major.....	J. S. Bach
Sarabande, op. 49 (new).....	{ Arranged by Guilmant. { Saint-Saëns
Berceuse, op. 105, (new).....	
Caprice (new).....	W. Wolstenholme
Romance, Simple Avu.....	Fr. Thomé
Arranged by Aug. Durand.	
Final alla Schumann, op. 89 (new).....	Alex. Guilmant

SPECIMEN PROGRAM NO. 2.

Toccata in F major.....	J. S. Bach
Pastorale in C (new).....	E. H. Lemare
Sonata in D major, manuscript, in the style of Händel.	W. Wolstenholme
I.—Introduction, Largo-Allegro. II.—Largo. III.—Minuet.	
Canon in B minor.....	Robert Schumann
Fugue in G major.....	J. L. Krebs
Larghetto and finale, from a sonata.....	Filippo Capocci
Shepherds' Farewell to the Holy Family.....	H. Berlioz
Arranged by Guilmant.	

SPECIMEN PROGRAM NO. 3.

Suite Gothique, op. 28.....	L. Boellmann
I.—Introduction—Choral. II.—Minuet Gothique.	
III.—Préière à Notre Dame. IV.—Toccata.	
Pastorale in F (new).....	Clarence Lucas
The Answer.....	Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.
Sonata in C minor, No. 5.....	W. Wolstenholme
Arranged by Clarence Eddy.	
I.—Allegro Apassionata. II.—Adagio. III.—Scherzo.	
IV.—Recitative. V.—Choral et Fugue.	
Romance in D flat (new).....	E. H. Lemare
Three Pieces, op. 29.....	Gabriel Pierne
I.—Prelude. II.—Cantilene. III.—Scherzando.	
Prelude in D minor, op. 78.....	C. Chaminate
Serenade (arranged by E. H. Lemare).....	Franz Schubert
Andante in D.....	Alfred Hollins
Fugue on Hall Columbia.....	Dudley Buck
	(From the Sonata in E flat, No. 1.)

destination. It would seem that Mr. Akerman knew that, and that was what he wanted, but he grew timid and failed to get up steam enough. So instead of a through train we got a sort of Mexican accommodation, the kind of train that will stop for anyone who cares to wave a petticoat on a stick. And there is a good deal of waving done.

If I remember rightly, Rip has two false exits and three farewell scenes in the long, long first act. He gives up drink, but nothing will break him of farewells; he has another in the second act, and it is only the timely appearance of his daughter that prevents him from having still another in the third act. There are incongruities that might have been avoided. The Klondike where Rip lies undiscovered for twenty years is apparently not much farther away than the village green. The girls put their arioso over their heads and run them in five minutes.

Of course, one must make allowances for the deleterious effects of a twenty years' nap in the open air, but, granted the worst, a man of fifty with the rheumatism has no need to totter like a decrepit nonagenarian, nor is it necessary that his voice should be feeble. The piece is handsomely mounted, but the color effects lack sentiment and completeness.

This is especially noticeable when Miss Ross-Selwick appears as the Spirit of the Mountains. It is an ideally romantic scene. Rip, the Gnome and the landscape are all in harmonies of gray and brown, illuminated by pale gold rays of moonlight. Suddenly the illusion is destroyed by the entrance of a lady, apparently from "the halls," dressed in a handsome white gown elaborately trimmed with artificial roses! She is a pretty woman, and dances well, but the costume hopelessly vulgarizes the situation. Draped in pale shades of pearl gray and mauve-grey tulle, with a glitter here and there of crystal beads, that should sparkle like the spray of a cascade when the moon shines across it, she should have stolen like a wraith out of the mist

and gradually materialized before Rip's wondering eyes. Mr. Hedmond's Rip is a delightful performance. In the last scene he may appear too infirm, but that is a question of minor importance. His superior and exceptional artistic capacity is evident in all that he does. One constantly feels that whatever demands an author may make upon him he is a man who will always be equal to the occasion. If one artist could save a season, Mr. Hedmond would be the man to do it. Whether "Rip Van Winkle," proves a popular opera or not he can always count his performance of Rip as one of his successes.

As an interpolated villain of the "Black Eyed Susan" era, Mr. Homer Lind uses so much discretion that the part does not make people laugh, which is saying a lot for his Derrick von Slaus. Mr. Herbert Linwood and Miss Isa McCusker, as a pair of lovers, introduced to kill time at way stations, do not show any great familiarity with theatrical work. Miss Attalie Claire shows a conventional familiarity with it, and Miss Davies none at all.

As for the singing, which is more than half the battle, Mr. Hedmond and Mr. Lind are the only two worth mentioning. These artists gave pleasure by their vocalization as well as acting, but the others were sadly inefficient in this important respect.

As far as light opera goes, it would appear that singers with histrionic gifts are rare. And yet what becomes of all the beautiful, magnetic gifted young women who are always studying singing? And the fine, brilliant young men as well? How is it never see them on the stage?

Mr. Hedmond has made a commendable effort to place upon the stage an opera in English which it was hoped would attract sufficient patronage to insure it a long run and thus encourage support for this class of work. The experiment will be watched with interest. It was unfortunate that he should have chosen the work of two inexperienced men to commence with. F. V. ATWATER.

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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
339 FULTON STREET, September 20, 1897.

THE rush of this week shows the return of many of the teachers to their fields of labor, and within the next week the labor will be made manifest. Are things working to a higher basis? That is the one question which is uppermost in my mind, and the pros and cons are such that I can not refrain from touching upon them.

I believe there is a more earnest, more sincere atmosphere in the musical field of Brooklyn than there was a year ago—at least the teachers are working for the advancement of the pupils, and if the parents of the pupils will only give their assistance I cannot see why we should not have brilliant results.

The first necessity, and the one of which I am going to speak to-day, is the absolute necessity of selecting capable teachers, and notwithstanding the thousands of usurpers in this field, Brooklyn can boast of some exceptionally good and thorough piano teachers—teachers who know that it means a crime to destroy a talent; teachers who have studied the piano to teach the piano (or let me italicize this both ways, teachers who have studied the piano to teach the piano); teachers whose intelligence makes them realize the moral importance of their missions; teachers who know that hand in hand with technical development must grow a mental appreciation of nature and its mysteries, its romances, its psychics; in short, a man or woman who knows that musical instruction means something more than the act of sitting beside a pupil for an allotted time and droning "one, two, three; one, two, three," and "whacking" the poor little fingers black and blue because of a mental or physical stiffness.

Oh, if I could tell each mother who is thinking of having her children taught the fallacy, the criminal fallacy, of believing that "anyone is good enough for a beginner"; that "a cheap teacher is all right to start with"; that "there is a young lady in our church for whom I feel sorry, and I know she doesn't know much, but I want to help her along" (this always makes me think of the magnanimous man who was willing to sacrifice all of his wife's relations), I should feel that indeed I were accomplishing some tangible good in the field of music.

In Brooklyn we have exponents of all the great methods, or shall I say pupils who adhere to and teach the touch and style of the great teachers who have established so-called methods.

Mrs. Berta Grosse-Tomason is a pupil and ex-assistant of Franz Kullak and a woman of thorough musical understanding and ability. Mrs. Lydia K. Venth is, if I mistake not, a pupil and exponent of the Theodor Kullak school, whose years of labor in Brooklyn and New York have given a standing which is indeed, while absolutely merited, a delicate flattery.

Mr. Ludwig Dorer, who is comparatively a newer worker in the field of Brooklyn, is a Leschetizky enthusiast of the most pronounced type, and an earnest and musically worker. Mr. Dorer has taken an elegant studio in the Pouch Mansion.

Mr. Albert Mildenberg is a magnificent type of Joseffy's great, thorough, poetic and all encompassing art, and who, notwithstanding his connection with Alexander Lambert's New York College of Music, and his directorship of the musical department of the Girls' Classical College, of New

York, still continues to give part of his time to Brooklyn pupils.

Mr. Alex Rihm's musical ability is the result of his father's instruction, and later of Xaver Scharwenka, with whom he studied long before Scharwenka dreamed of America. Besides being highly schooled, Mr. Rihm has a remarkable talent for imparting, as the training of each and every one of his pupils will prove.

Dr. John Loretz is an emanation from the Paris Conservatoire, and his compositions, playing and teaching reveal this great institution in every measure.

Miss Rebekah Crawford, whose musical education was acquired through William Mason, and later Albert Ross Parsons, is working in a line peculiarly original and essentially beneficial. Miss Crawford's specialty is in musical kindergarten, or, that I may not be misunderstood, she treats her subject to bring it into the comprehension of young minds in the same way as the kindergarten methods are set forth. It gives me pleasure to say that Miss Crawford's work is much appreciated and gives promise of accomplishing very good foundations; not that the advanced work is not equally good, but the burning need is for such elementary teaching.

Miss Ragnhild Ring, who is still abroad, is a pupil of Eduard Grieg, with whom, having availed herself of this short visit, she is again taking a few lessons. She has been gone since the latter part of June.

Mr. August Walther, who is well-known as a most thorough teacher of piano, harmony, composition, form and instrumentation, is well entitled to a large share of recognition. He has been enmeshed in the intricacies of quartet writing, and it is believed that his work will figure upon the programs of many of the chamber music organizations, including those of the Kneisel Quartet.

Speaking of chamber music, there is the expectation of much of this line of work this season in clubs and for church and home entertainments; this in itself is a proof of great musical strides, for surely chamber music stands at the head of all educational music.

Mr. Ernest Byström, who has not yet returned from his summer home in Montagne, where he has been since May, is also a comparative stranger; but there is little doubt that before the season is over he will be well known. Mr. Byström is to give a concert in the Brooklyn Institute series. He is a Norwegian pianist of fine attainments, and will receive pupils at his studio, 147 Warren street, after his return from his lengthy summer rest.

Mr. Louis Kömmenich is already so well known through his connection with that fine organization, the Brooklyn Saengerbund, that it is scarcely necessary to say more than that he is in the field of teachers. He has written many sketches this summer while he was supposed to be resting, and they are now in the hands of some of the most prominent publishers in America and Europe. Here is a list of them:

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No. 2, Mein Liebesell.
No. 1, Lebenswanderung.
Lied für Tenor oder Bariton, op. 27.

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Two Male Choruses, op. 24.
• Venice (Venetia).
Parting (Abschied).

CH. F. TRETBAR, NEW YORK.

Two songs for a medium voice.
Op. 28, No. 1, Maiden's Joy.
No. 2, Mysterious Melody.

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Der Zauberische Spielmann, op. 28. Für Männerchor, soprano solo and orchestra.

ROHLFING, MILWAUKEE.

Zwei Lieder für Fröhliche Kreise.
No. 1, Biegen oder Brechen.
No. 2, Wohlauf, du Frische Jugend.

Dr. Henry G. Hanchett is also so prominent among New York teachers that it must not be forgotten that this thor-

ough analyst or analyzer of sonatas belongs to Brooklyn, where he has a class of considerable dimension. Dr. Hanchett will again be heard in a course of analytical lectures this season under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute, and he should be heard by all the students who believe that they are studying because they want to learn.

In my next letter I shall take pleasure in divulging the plans of the concert givers, such as the Brooklyn Institute, the Seidl Society, the Brooklyn Saengerbund, the Arion Society and the private clubs, although it is a little early to get at the plans of the latter. It is rumored that there will be more private concerts of a high order and that Miss Jessie Shay and Miss Florence Terrell, both talented pupils of Alexander Lambert, will be heard here this season.

Mr. Oscar T. Murray, who is back at his post with F. H. Chandler, the music dealer, is going to bring the Banda Rossa here.

Sousa and his band will also appear here some time in January. The appearances of Rosenthal, Ysaye, Guilmant are assured, under the patronage of the Brooklyn Institute. We will have ten concerts by Emil Paur and the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

Of the Seidl appearances I will tell later. Much interest is evinced in the tour of Seidl with Julie Rivé King as soloist. Mrs. King will prove that she has not lost her hold upon her audiences. She is to play the Wissner piano.

Many of the teachers are coming back to the Wissner and the Chandler studios, and I find that other pianos have been replaced by the Wissner in the studios of many of the prominent teachers.

Miss Mabel Mackenzie has accepted the position of soprano soloist at Christ Church, Bay Ridge, in place of Miss Lucy Powell, who has gone to Japan.

I have received a number of piano compositions from Mr. Louis Conrath, of St. Louis, among which are some charming, dainty numbers well worthy of success, and which show that St. Louis has a composer upon whom it may look with pride. Many thanks, Mr. Conrath; go on writing; some day you Americans will get a chance, and everybody will be happy.

Mr. Thos. Shannon, leader of the Twenty-third Regiment Band, was made happy on Sunday, and his happiness was due to more than one cause. First to the appreciation which has always been shown him, and second to a material proof of this appreciation, when he was presented by the music loving people of Brooklyn with a handsome gold medal during the last band concert of the season, which was given under the auspices of the G. A. R. Veterans and their Sons' Association.

Mr. Shannon's band has been a great source of pleasure to very many people this summer, and the committee on presentation was no less in personnel than Gen. Horatio C. King, General Steadman, Judge Lynch, Judge Gaynor, Mr. Otto Wissner, Mr. F. H. Hutchins and Mr. J. Franklin. The program presented was a military one, and Mr. E. A. Kent sang selections from Mariana.

Among those who have returned are Mrs. P. A. Wharton, Mrs. Emma Richardson Küster, Mr. Robert Gaylor, Mr. Arthur Claessen, Mr. T. Merrill Austin, Mr. William T. Ostermeyer, Mr. R. Huntington Woodman, Mr. Frank J. Mulligan, Miss Georgine Schumann and very many others.

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Carolyn Yeaton, Pianist.—This brilliant Moszkowski Raif pupil is again in town. She had a very busy season last year, and her name appeared frequently on programs as solo pianist and accompanist. At her début at Hasbrouck Hall Dean wrote: "She is a player delightful to hear. The pianist was equally happy in Beethoven, Chopin, Raff and Kullak. She is to be congratulated on her grasp of the intellectual side of her work. Her playing very plainly showed more than mere assimilation of the good things of several teachers. Miss Yeaton plays most intelligently. In her remarkable technic there lie great possibilities. She will one day stand in the front rank of her profession."

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1932 CHESTNUT STREET,
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I AM often asked what opportunities a pupil has in Philadelphia for general culture, and my reply invariably is that there are more opportunities than the majority of pupils know how to improve. That is not saying everything; indeed it is not saying much, but it is a fact which students would do well to consider. Besides the operatic and other musical companies, such as the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which comes to our city periodically, there are certain local organizations which are not to be despised. Without commenting now on the artistic merits of these various organizations, let me mention for the information of such inquiring students a few of the resources which exist for them. And just here one word.

To the pupil of active mind, alert to criticise, there is quite as much to be gained from the failures or deficiencies of others as from their distinctive virtues. The greater number of singers and players whom we hear are probably second or third or tenth rate performers, but who nevertheless have something to teach you; what mannerisms or faults to avoid as well as what excellence to strive for, so it may be well worth your while to make an effort to hear comparatively unknown or obscure artists. To play a Beethoven sonata intelligently you should have heard it twenty times, even though nineteen performances were inadequate. Hear all the music you can. Listen earnestly, critically and respectfully, and your hour in the concert hall will be as valuable as your hour with your master.

Among our music schools there are at least two which offer great advantages to earnest students, one of them being the direct exponent of the artistic personality of its founder, Mr. Constantin von Sternberg.

There are private teachers galore, from the young fellow musically inclined, who cannot earn his living any other way, to the strong and earnest workers who take their art seriously and know whereof they teach. Of the latter class there are, alas! too few, and they are too often confounded with the charlatans. Indeed they are forced to compete in all seriousness with men in every way inferior to themselves. Only when the public learns to recognize and to honor the genuine artist can he take his rightful place.

In the matter of private teachers Philadelphia has for years been ruled by a Brahmin caste; honorable, to be sure, but with the traditions of two generations ago. The men who have been and are still quoted by many people as representing here the best there is in music are men of the stilted, old-fashioned and pedantic school, without brilliancy or breadth of temperament. They have left their

impress upon the musical taste of the community. Caste is difficult to work against, but in time this pedagogical impress will shuffle off as a dry husk to make room for the fresher forms of art—art with blood and backbone.

The representatives of this more modern type of musician are found almost exclusively among the younger and less known teachers, of whom more later.

Two orchestras exist whose aim is to popularize good music—the Philharmonic, under Mr. Charles Schnitz, and the Germania, under Mr. Wm. Stoll. Both orchestras give weekly concerts with excellent programs, and almost any performance will afford you much food for thought. You will appreciate Mr. Seidl better when he comes!

The Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, under Mr. W. W. Gilchrist, composed entirely of amateur musicians, shows how much can be done by a competent conductor, even with inexperienced players. The society is a strong educational influence in the city.

The opportunity of hearing good organ recitals is one of the pleasantest features of the city. These are not widely advertised and are seldom commented upon by the daily press, but are nevertheless of interest and value to the student. At St. Mark's Church, Holland Memorial, Church of the New Jerusalem and at Drexel Institute there are occasional recitals during the winter which are well worth hearing.

Singing societies have suffered, artistically and socially, from the caste lines which Philadelphians love to draw. There are, among others, the Orpheus and German Male choruses, the Mendelssohn and Oratorio clubs for mixed voices, the Eurydice and Treble Clef for ladies. No one of these is wholly free from the pedantic influence of the old school musicians, and some of them exist more for beer drinking and the afternoon tête-à-tête than for singing, but still there is material such as it is.

Probably the best training is afforded by the Mendelssohn Club under Mr. Gilchrist. The worst thing we have to listen to is church music. Ministers and parishioners, and the singers themselves, ought to rise up and demand better music.

In my next letter I shall speak particularly of some of the institutions and gentlemen above mentioned and others who are doing equally good work.

M. FLETCHER.

Miss Emma Thursby's Return.—Miss Thursby has been at "Greenacre," Eliot, Me., where a number of her pupils followed her. With her pupil, Miss Alice Breen, she is the guest at present of Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes, at Lenox. At a musical given by Mrs. Stokes, with the Kneisel Quartet, last week, Miss Breen sang with great success. She has a rich soprano voice, which gives great promise. Miss Thursby will be at her studio in Carnegie Hall on October 1, Tuesday, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

F. W. Riesberg Returns.—Mr. Riesberg has returned from his ten weeks' stay at Cooperstown, N. Y., where he was in charge of the musicales at Hotel Fenimore, at which soloists such as Hilk, Etta Miller Orchard, Giles, O. J. Fowler, Kidde and others appeared. He also opened the fine new organ of the Baptist Church, appeared as piano soloist at several concerts, and otherwise busied himself. This season he will give special attention to playing for artists, his past work with Blauvelt, Meredith, Bispham and others having attracted attention and hearty commendation. Mr. Riesberg is secretary and treasurer of the New York State Music Teachers' Association, organist-director at Rutgers Presbyterian Church and professor of piano at the (Lambert) New York College of Music.

Raoul Pugno.
THE name and fame of Raoul Pugno, the French piano virtuoso, has been growing ever since he appeared in public. This brilliant Parisian is yet a young man, being born in 1852. He was a pupil of the celebrated Georges Mathias and a winner of a first prize in the Conservatoire.

He appeared in public at the age of six and later became a sedulous student of composition. Pugno has, in addition to his duties as an organist and his frequent tournées, found time to compose. His oratorio "The Resurrection of Lazarus" was produced in Paris in 1879, and his opera comique "Ninetta" saw the light at the Théâtre de la Renaissance in 1882. He has written symphonies, a poème symphonique, "Prometheus;" a lyric drama, "Pauvres Gens," for Emma Calvé; "Les Etoiles," an opera ballet; pantomimes, a sonata in D minor, smaller piano pieces in the romantic vein and numerous other works, all of which demonstrate his fecundity and versatility.

Pugno is extremely strong in chamber music, often playing with Ysaye and other famous artists. As a solo pianist he is the greatest in France and one of the first in Europe. To the extreme finish of the Parisian school he unites a breadth and passion unusual in Gallic pianists. He plays all the modern repertory, and his performance of the Grieg concerto has been applauded the length and breadth of Europe, the composer declaring that Pugno's interpretation was "an ideal one." Here are a few of his London notices, the Continental criticisms being equally as laudatory:

M. Raoul Pugno, a pianist who enjoys a great reputation in Paris, gave the first of a series of recitals at Princes Hall yesterday afternoon. M. Pugno is a prolific composer for the piano, though, save as to a sonata in D minor, his works are for the most part of a light character, including a suite of ten pieces, entitled "La Danseuse de Corde," a set of four romantic pieces entitled "Les Soirs" (placed at the end of yesterday's recital), some ballet airs, and a quantity of dance and drawing room music. For yesterday's concert he, however, chose a more ambitious program, which comprised Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, very well played, and Schumann's "Faschingsschwank aus Wien," whereof the performance of the romance and the scherzino was by far the best. M. Pugno likewise gave a remarkably interesting reading of one of Bach's preludes and fugues.—*Sun, May 20, 1894.*

The chief interest in M. Raoul Pugno's recent recital centred in his playing of his sonata in D minor, which is bright and full of character, and proves that his abilities as a composer are as great, if not greater, than as a pianist. The composition has a brilliant allegro, a very dainty intermezzo, a funeral march and a very effective finale. M. Pugno has now returned to Paris, whence his duties do not allow him to be long absent, as he is a professor at the Conservatoire as well as a favorite at the Lamoureux and Colonne concerts. No one would think, says the *Sybarite*, to look at the grave, bearded man, that he is now only in his early twenties, but his début was made when only six, and since then he has worked with untiring energy at the piano, harmony and composition, and was rewarded by being appointed professor while still in his teens. *The Daily News, June 11, 1894.*

Paris has lately sent us some excellent pianists, but up the present the metropolitan public have heard none better than M. Raoul Pugno, who on Monday afternoon, at Princes Hall, gave the first of two recitals. He does not adopt any of the eccentricities of manner favored by many foreign pianists, but sits calmly at the instrument and leaves the music to tell its own tale. His execution is neat; he brings out the most complicated passages with clearness and absence of effort, and to slow movements in particular imparts the requisite expression.—*Daily Chronicle, May 30, 1894.*

Among the many pianists who have lately been with us there are but few whose individuality asserts itself in a prominent manner. M. Raoul Pugno is one of these. This admirable artist gave his second recital on Monday afternoon at Princes Hall. Saint-Saëns's fine violoncello sonata, op. 82, opened the program and was accorded an excellent interpretation at the hands of Messrs. R. Pugno and

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Hollman. Bach's prelude and fugue in D from the "Wohlttemperite Clavier," and Händel's Gigue in G minor were played with spirit and great attention to nuance. Clearly M. Pugno is not one of those pianists who imagine that mere technical accuracy is all that is necessary in the interpretation of the older masters. His rendering of Chopin's "Berceuse" was most delicate and poetical, and two charming values of his own were much appreciated. M. Pugno combines power with a wonderful lightness of touch, and his rendering of a group of Schumann pieces revealed him as one of the finest interpreters of the master's music. An important novelty was a piano sonata in D minor from his own pen, a splendidly written composition, bold in its outline and picturesque in its details, which may fitly be classed among the best recent works of the kind. Whether in writing it the composer had a definite program in his mind, or whether he intended to illustrate any particular subject, we cannot say. From the point of view of purely abstract music the sonata is worthy of much admiration. It is a powerful work, full of deep feeling and marked by no little originality of treatment. The first allegro abounds in contrasts, its themes are striking and well developed. The intermezzo which follows is very uncommon. An impressive funeral march and a passionate finale bring to an end a work which in its entirety may be ranked as a composition of very high worth. The recital terminated with Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise, op. 22, admirably performed.—*Morning Post*, June 6, 1894.

M. Raoul Pugno gave his second piano recital at Princes Hall on Monday, when he again showed himself to be one of the best pianists of to-day. His renderings of Schumann were instinct with fancy and romantic expression, and he was no less successful in pieces by Chopin. The program included Saint-Saëns' sonata in C minor, op. 32, for piano and violoncello, in which the recitalist had the able assistance of M. Hollman, and a piano sonata in D minor from his own pen. The last named is a clever and attractive work. The subjects are interesting and well contrasted, and their development, especially in the first and last movements, is masterly.—*The Musical News*, June 9, 1894.

M. Raoul Pugno, who, assisted by M. Hollman, gave on Monday a recital at Princes Hall is one of those sympathetic and refined pianists to whom it is a genuine pleasure to listen. Grieg's charming sonata in A minor, op. 38, for piano and violoncello received a finished rendering. The opening adagio of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata has seldom been more poetically interpreted, and the performance of Schumann's "Faschingschwanck" was happily characterized by that delicate fancy which the music demands.—*Musical News*, June 2, 1894.

Another French pianist, Mr. Raoul Pugno, made his débüt at Princes Hall to-day. The newcomer is a sound and conscientious artist. To-day he was at his best in Grieg's sonata in A minor, in Bach's prelude and fugue in F minor, and Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata. A series of drawing room pieces from his pen were included in the program, but at his second recital he will bring forward his sonata in D minor.—*Glasgow Herald*, May 29, 1894.

M. Raoul Pugno, who gave a piano recital in Princes Hall yesterday afternoon, is considerably older than most of the musicians who visit England for the first time. M. Pugno is evidently a very good musician and master of variety of touch, and highly accomplished in the matter of technic. The prelude and fugue in F minor from the Bach's "48" Schumann's "Faschingschwanck" he played with decision, intelligence and good expression, and a variety of pieces by Händel, Grieg, Mendelssohn and Chopin were also played.—*The Times*, May 29, 1894.

M. Raoul Pugno, the eminent French pianist, of the Paris Conservatoire, gave his first piano recital at Princes Hall on Monday afternoon. M. Pugno does not adopt any eccentricities of manner or appearance, like some of his Continental confrères, but leaves his interpretation of the works of favorite composers to speak for itself. His style is refined and brilliant, and his reading of most complicated passages is free from effort and full of expression. His program on this occasion included Grieg's sonata in A minor for piano and 'cello, when he was assisted by M. J. Hollman, and this master's "Papillon" (Schmetterling) and "To the Spring," and for the rest Bach's prelude and fugue in F minor, Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, Schumann's "Faschingschwanck aus Wien." Händel's air varié in G, Chopin's nocturne in F sharp and valse in A flat. Mendelssohn's "La Chasse," and his own compositions "Les Soirs" (quatre pièces romantiques), impromptu, valse and capriccio. My confrère informs me that these latter compositions are an excellent example of the French school. The recital was a decided success.—*The Musical Courier*, June 30, 1894.

Raoul Pugno will be heard here this season under the management of R. E. Johnston & Co. We present a striking portrait of the pianist on the front page of this issue.

The Joseph Joachim School of Violin Playing.

THIS paper is pleased to announce the establishment in New York of a very important musical institution which meets a demand long and keenly felt by students who wish to enter the Royal Hochschule at Berlin for a course of study with the "King of Violinists."

The almost invariable experience of such is that, after passing the regular yearly examination, they are forced to spend often as much as two years' time with another teacher in order to master the bowing and general technical method of the great violinist before they may enter Joachim's classes.

The object of the Joseph Joachim School of Violin Playing in New York is to enable the American student fully to acquire this method at home before attempting to enter the Berlin institution, thus avoiding great expense and loss of time.

The new organization stands peculiarly alone in being distinctly and especially a school of violin playing, and as such has the complete and enthusiastic endorsement of Dr. Joachim, who expresses the greatest confidence in its success. The genuineness of its claims is assured by the high artistic standing of its conductor, his pupil, Miss Geraldine Morgan, who is to be regarded as the very foremost representative in this country of the great master's style and method of playing.

An important feature of the school will be the classes in string quartet playing and other branches of instrumental ensemble, in which Miss Morgan will be assisted by Mr. Paul Morgan, violoncellist, and other prominent artists.

The room will occupy a fine suite of rooms in the newly completed portion of Carnegie Music Hall, and advertises its first term to begin November 1.

Mark Kaiser.—Mr. Mark Kaiser, the New Orleans violinist, who has been summering at Saratoga, is in New York at present. He is staying at the Hotel Grenoble.

Arthur Beresford.—Arthur Beresford, the popular oratorio and concert basso, has returned from Europe and already has busy season secured. He will sing in Columbus, Ohio, October 11; Chicago, October 14; Indianapolis, November 8; Baltimore, November 26, and Worcester December 14. Mr. Beresford's increasing popularity is due quite as much to the continuous study and sincerity he puts into his work as to his remarkably rich and beautiful voice.

Hermann Hans Wetzler at Newport.—Mr. Wetzler had a busy and highly successful season at Newport, as may be seen by perusing the following interesting article from the *Newport Herald* of recent date:

There has been more good music this season at Newport than ever before. Among the numerous musicales those given by Mr. and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at Belcourt, were the most prominent. Mrs. Belmont had engaged Mr. Hermann Hans Wetzler, of New York, to arrange and conduct her musicales and to play the beautiful large organ in her house, and showed rare artistic judgment in this choice, as well as in the general management of her musical entertainments. The principal one, August 15, was a brilliant orchestral concert. Mr. Wetzler conducted a splendid orchestra, consisting of the members of the Boston Symphony, and showed wonderful magnetism and authority in his work. All the numbers, especially Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," were enthusiastically received by the numerous audience, and the concert was unanimously pronounced to have been the most successful and most brilliant ever given at Newport. In the other musicales Mr. Wetzler gave masterly performances of his exquisite and extensive repertory and showed again that he is an organ virtuoso of the highest rank.

Mr. Wetzler has returned and is again busy at his charming residence studio, 646 West End avenue, where there is a constant procession of pupils and musical folk.

Theodore Thomas in the East.

THE following are the dates of the performances of Theodore Thomas' Chicago Orchestra on its spring tour:

March 1	Metropolitan Opera House, evening, New York
" 2	Academy of Music, evening, New York
" 3	Music Hall, evening, Baltimore
" 4	evening, Washington
" 5	Academy of Music, matinee, Philadelphia
" 9	Metropolitan Opera House, evening, New York
" 11	Academy of Music, evening, Brooklyn
" 12	Metropolitan Opera House, matinee, New York
" 14	Metropolitan Opera House, evening, New York
" 16	Metropolitan Opera House, matinee, New York
" 19	Metropolitan Opera House, matinee, New York

No Indulgence.

BROOKLYN, September 19, 1897.

Editors the Musical Courier:

OF course I must acknowledge the monopoly which our much esteemed Lady von Tetzl has on the two articles "Smartness" and "English." Without doubt an attempt on the part of anyone to appropriate a portion of those commodities deserves an immediate and effective rebuke from the Lady High Priestess of "Smartness," "English" and "Music in Milwaukee."

I acknowledge with humility the impudence and imprudence which prompted me to write to you in regard to the Milwaukee violinist who seems to have provoked the righteous wrath and musical ire of the lady. "Mea culpa! O Tetzl! mea culpa!"

But nevertheless, how in the name of heaven, or any other part of the universe, for that matter, can Milady von T. criticise the playing of a man whom, as she herself acknowledges, she never saw or heard play? And how can she say anything of his knowledge of English when she never spoke to him nor heard him speak?

These two mysteries give me no rest; and though humbly acknowledging the infallibility of a descendant of Tetzl, I must confess that my mind is yet disturbed by those insoluble enigmas. I am also afraid that my gracious lady is very much mixed up when she speaks of "free advertisements."

I am sure that nobody ever heard of Jacob the Great, with his enormous and astounding repertory of Ernst and Paganini and Wieniawski and Stuban, &c., until Emily G. von T. kindly drew him out from his Pabstian surroundings and exhibited him to the wondering multitudes. He may be really great, "a flower blushing unseen," but why fill columns with the contents of his repertory, which nobody (perhaps with the exception of Jacob himself and Milady) cares about or is interested in?

Truly, Madame the Lady is forgetting who is getting a gratuitous pushing!

But "sans doute" we cannot expect her to see all that; it is neither within the domain of "smartness" nor of "English."

Very truly yours,
ALEXANDER FICHLANDER.

Froehlich School of Music.—This excellent institution recently began its fourth season; many new applications are being daily received. As usual, two public concerts will be given in the season, concerts which are musical events. Mr. S. Froehlich, the director, enjoys the confidence and esteem of Seidl, and has made his school a progressive and important institution. The studios are large, light and elegantly furnished, giving evidence of prosperity. The building is owned by the director.

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JOHN C. DEMPSEY,

Bass-Baritone.

Returned from Tour with Nordica.

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Detroit Breezes.

OF course the conventional thing to say is that the musical season has been auspiciously opened and bids fair to be a brilliant one. But, dear me, it has not and it does not. It is a sad and melancholy thing, the musical atmosphere of this lovely city. It isn't merely placid and sedately passive, but it is stagnant, and it reeks of mould and marshy nastiness.

Positively the situation is downright disheartening. And it is like shooting toy pistols at elephants to attempt by remonstrance to better the situation or clear the murky atmosphere. There is simply nothing to be done. Those who are in a position to remonstrate by reason of their own dignity and worth shroud themselves in an impenetrable mantle of what they call policy or tact. Sometimes I think them scarcely less despicable than the musical charlatans and ruffians we so mutually abhor. Talk to me about policy or tact nowadays and I know it to be an indecently untruthful apology for a craven heart and a cowardly mind.

People tell me the most disgraceful things, make the most startling statements as to the absolute lack of professional honor and etiquette evidenced by some of the musicians of this city. I know the statements to be absolutely true; I am naturally indignant, so are they—enthusiastically so in the majority of cases—and yet they invariably add in a would-be Christian spirit: "Of course this is confidential, Miss Apel; I would not wish to have it mentioned. Disinterestedness is never credited you know, and it seems better policy to simply overlook these things," &c., ad nauseum.

I wish I could tell all I know. No elaborations required either; just plain, unvarnished, wholesome truths. The only thing that deters me from such a course is the strong and grounded conviction that I would be remorselessly contradicted, my evidence relentlessly denied by my own witnesses. In this little play of life the villains figuratively steal and kill, secure in the protection of their victims. All right, dear victims, snuggle up in your garments of policy and tact, but don't appeal for mercy or compassion; henceforth I am going to philosophically luxuriate in the rents and gaps, gloat over the general raggedness of your thin and warped and hypocritical and justly insufficient and improvident coverings.

There is just one thing I want to say at the beginning of this season, and that is that I have been, and am, impartially and disinterestedly interested in all that bears upon the musical welfare of this city. I have been told of several who have spoken of me as "an uncomfortable sort of a person. She writes such dreadful things about people, I am always wondering what she could say of me!" Now, this I indignantly and rightfully resent. It is absolutely untruthful. My occasional impulsive outbursts of frankness and candor have always been directed against those whose flagrant and frequent misdemeanors have rendered them public nuisances. And I defy anyone to quote an instance of unfavorable criticism which savorred even in probability of personal prejudice. If people were to cultivate a habit of detailed speech the majority of assertions would be less general and sweeping in character, and infinitely more literal and reliable in content.

The Seabrooke Opera Company, under the direction of Fred Whitney, has opened the Detroit season with the first representation of "Papa, Gou-Gou."

Fritz Kalsow is busily engaged in arrangements for this year's symphony concerts. He certainly is an indefatigable worker; discouragement seems not within his ken. I know of no one else who could adequately cope with the endless variety of obstacles that beset the path of our orchestral organization. Arthur Depew will continue as conductor.

Alfred Hofmann is meeting with splendid success in the sale of tickets for his series of concerts. The tickets are limited in number, and I believe are already so in demand that it would seem as though he were to enjoy the unique

sensation of a house sold out before the opening of the series. These concerts are the feature of our musical season, and are deservedly popular. Mr. Hofmann is most generous in his attractions, his audiences are representative ones, and the detail of each affair is delightfully artistic and elegant. There is so much in the tout ensemble, and at Mr. Hofmann's concerts there is nothing to mar or distract, everything to heighten and intensify enjoyment and appreciation. Campanari and Sherwood are announced for the first concert, to be given the first week of November.

LILLIAN APEL.

The Clayton F. Summy Company Publications.

THE CLAYTON F. SUMMY COMPANY is the prominent music publishing house of the West, and is recognized as one of the prominent music houses of the country. The Summys are the Chicago representatives of the Chickering piano, and handle a general line of pianos and music. The house commands much prestige because of the intelligent handling of its business.

Beginning with the musical season we mention some of the more important publications contained in the catalogue of this firm, suitable to the earlier grades of piano work:

In restricted writing, with a view of use in conjunction with the first part of the Lebert & Stark Piano School, and in accordance with the technical principles therein set forth, is a set of eight instructive pieces by P. C. LUTKIN, the Dean of the Conservatory of Music connected with the Northwestern University.

In freer style are two sets of well written, very simple pieces by NETTIE ELLSWORTH, entitled "Happy Moments for Little Ones."

By MRS. CROSBY ADAMS a set of "Five Tone Sketches" and several single numbers written upon definite subjects have met with much favor in first grade work.

A Song Without Words, Invention, Melody and Romance, by HUBBARD W. HARRIS, are of the more serious character of composition and capital things for more solid work in the first stages of piano playing. "Children's Revel," Idylle and Grotesque Dance are attractive pieces of a lighter and more pleasing style by Mr. Harris, and belong to the second grade of difficulty.

In this class can also be mentioned a set of eight pieces in dance form by HENRY SCHONERFELD, called the "Children's Festival," op. 21, all published singly. These are of the natural, spontaneous character that wins for them general approval. "Little Soldiers' Dance," by the same composer, is decidedly musical and practical.

"Petite March," by J. A. WEST, belonging to the second grade of difficulty, is another great favorite.

For the same grade are a March and Dance, by LOUIS MEYER, the general style of which can be judged somewhat from their title, "Colonial Days."

Edda Waltz, Beatrice Waltz and Kindergarten March, by OTTO PEFFERKORN, are desirable and pleasing compositions in Grade 2.

"Iris," "Song of the Nymphs," "Endymion" and "Chrysalis" are remarkably attractive compositions of the popular nature, also by PEFFERKORN. He has also written several Album Leaves, which are not only pleasing, but useful studies in melody playing.

Allegretto Scherzando and Tempo de Mazurka, by RICHARD FERBER; "Erinnerung" and "Petite Tarantelle," by LOUIS SCHELMANN, are all characteristic pieces of the third grade, well worth studying.

A set of three pieces—op. 32, by EMIL LIEBLING, Allegretto, Caprice and Romance—are highly recommended for study in third grade.

The suite of pieces entitled "A Summer Night," by ARNE OLDBERG, are particularly attractive and of solid musical worth. These are suitable for the third and fourth

grades. By the same composer, Petite Gavotte and Gavotte from String Quartet, op. 10.

Dorothy Gavotte and Reverie are favorite piano compositions by JESSIE L. GAYNOR, showing that this talented composer has capacity for composition aside from song writing, although it is not to be denied that she shows superior talent in her vocal works.

"The Trifler," by NELLIE B. SKELTON, is a bright, characteristic composition of merit, and will be found attractive for study in third or fourth grade.

In future articles we will mention of some of the vocal works published by the CLAYTON F. SUMMY COMPANY.

Any of these publications will be sent on approval.

Summy's Bulletin of Music will be mailed regularly, free of charge, to all applicants. In this they list not only their own publications, but also those of other houses which are deemed desirable. This makes the Bulletin not simply a "house organ," but presents a carefully selected list of music chosen from the publications of the best American and foreign houses. Those desiring the Bulletin should send in their full name and address to the CLAYTON F. SUMMY COMPANY, 220 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Franz Listemann.

UNDER date of September 1, 1897, the firm of Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, has recorded the sale of a new 'cello concerto, by Hugo Becker, of Frankfort, and purchased by Franz Listemann.

On September 10, at a musicale given at his home, the young 'cellist performed this technically difficult and long concerto entirely from memory. No less an authority than his father, Bernhard Listemann, declared it a feat almost unparalleled.

Franz Listemann's intensely musical nature, seconded with this rare gift of memory, has enabled him to continually augment his repertory. Whatever may be said of the limited 'cello repertory, it may be safely chronicled that with Listemann the public may always be assured of hearing interesting novelties. A cyclus of love songs (also by Becker), which has won the approbation of the German press, has also been added to his repertory.

In his first recital in New York, in October, Listemann will include a new 'cello sonata by Richard Strauss. The composer, whom Listemann met at Berlin in December, 1894, said: "I am surprised and pleased that you intend introducing my work some time in America." Listemann smiled incredulously. Strauss hastily added: "Ah, you misunderstand. I am not referring to the Americans, but to the sonata itself." He explained that the sonata was seldom played on account of the difficulty of both piano and 'cello parts.

Mr. Listemann must recall with considerable pride the fact that "as one of our own" he was given an opportunity by Walter Damrosch, with accompaniment of his orchestra, last December to introduce the new 'cello concerto by Dvorak to an American audience; nor must the fact be omitted that the interest centring on this performance was instrumental in delivering a serious setback to the prevailing idea of the necessity of foreign importation.

Listemann's first prominent New York appearance this season will probably be at the first Chickering musicale on October 5.

Anonymous Notice.

WE would be pleased to publish anonymous communications if the writers would accompany them with their own names as a matter of good faith. Without the names we cannot assume the risk. "A Voice from the Philadelphia Public" sends a good letter, but no name is attached except this signature. "Todo," from St. Louis, writes an excellent letter, but no name comes with it. Hence both must be suppressed.

Henry Wolfsohn's Musical Bureau,

131 EAST 17th STREET,

NEW YORK.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT, Farewell Season.

Mr. and Mrs. GEORG HENSCHEL, October-March.

HENRI MARTEAU, January-May.

ALEXANDRE GUILMANT, December-March.

FFRANGCON-DAVIES, March, April, May.

LEO STERN, Violoncellist.

EMMA JUCH, Entire Season.

ALEXANDER SIOTI, January-April.

MISS THUDICHUM, the English Concert and Oratorio Soprano; MISS NEDDA MORRISON; JENNIE HOYLE Violinist; GERTRUDE MAY STEIN; ADA MAY BENZING; TIRZAH HAMLIN RULAND; EVAN WILLIAMS; CHARLES W. CLARK; JOHN C. DEMPSEY; GWYLYM MILES.

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ROSENTHAL.

CRITICISM ON THE**BOSTON SYMPHONY.**

IT is matter of much regret that the season of music by the Symphony Orchestra players at Keith's is at an end, for the concerts which they have given from week to week during the summer under the direction of Max Zach, have been a delight to thousands of music lovers at a time, when there was practically nothing else going on in a musical way.

Last week was the closing one of the Symphony players' long engagement at Keith's, and was made a memorable one by the co-operation of two noted operatic singers, Madame Tavary, soprano, and M. Guille, tenor. They sang a duet from "Rigoletto," and the "Miserere" from "Trovatore" in a delightfully finished way to the superb accompaniment of the Symphony players.

The other attraction of moment in the bill was the Russell Brothers, old favorites, but ever welcome in their Irish servant girl "act" replete with bright sayings, humorous impersonations, songs and dances.

Lew Hawkins did some negro character work. There was a broadly suggestive and uninteresting sketch by Edmund Hayes and Emily Lytton, which included a scene from "The Gladiator," well done by Mr. Hayes; acrobatic feats by the brothers Damm and Conway and Leland, and Irish songs by James W. Regan, &c.

A dull hour is an unknown quantity to the patrons of Keith's.—*Boston Times*, September 19.

Van den Hende Has Returned.—Flavie Van den Hende, the well-known Belgian cellist, has returned to the city after a delightful vacation. Madame Van den Hende has already booked a large number of engagements, and indications point to an unusually successful season for this ever popular artist.

William H. Rieger Home.—Our favorite artistic tenor William H. Rieger has returned to New York after a three months' rest. His beautiful voice is in even better condition than ever, and this artist's busy season is bound to give more than usual pleasure to the large audiences who delight in his work.

Remington Squire.

AS will be noticed elsewhere in this issue, Mr. Remington Squire, who during the last few seasons has achieved much success and enviable distinction as the manager of many leading American artists, has changed his address, and will now be found in charming and convenient quarters at "The Beechwood," 125 and 127 East Twenty-fourth street.

Persons interested in securing first-class artists will not make a mistake in consulting this enterprising young manager before they close their engagements. Mr. Squire has for some years been sole representative of an admirable and well-known quartet of artists, and his pronounced success in this line has led him to assume further managerial responsibilities.

This season Mr. Squire has a goodly array of well-known names in his books. He will be the sole manager of such artists as Meredith, Hilke, Clary, Carlsmith, McKinley, Towne, Dufft, Rice, Meyn and Bologna. Everything points to an unusually brilliant season for this popular young manager, and success is as sure to attend him under new auspices and in new quarters as it has done before.

Another Indorsement.

THE following is from the *Daily Eastern Argus*, of Portland, Me.:

THE AMERICAN MUSICIAN.

It has not been so many years ago since the American musician, both vocal and instrumental, found it a difficult matter to earn a respectable living by his profession. The fact that he was a man of principle and spoke English without an accent were sufficient reasons for him to be doubted musically. American musicians in order to be allowed to sing at home had to resort to all kind of measures to get a hearing in Europe.

Fortunately this condition of things has passed away. The singers who fill the most important roles here and abroad are American, and a large percentage of the best voices are natives of Maine. The New York journals have of late congratulated themselves effusively on the cutting down of salaries paid to foreign singers, and the opportunity thus given to young Americans to be heard here. It is strange how little recognition the public and even musicians have given to the cause of this new order of things. The prime mover and master spirit of the whole affair is Marc A. Blumenberg, of THE MUSICAL COURIER. Mr. Blumenberg is a Baltimorean by birth, and commenced his jour-

nistic career as musical critic of the *Baltimore American*. His keen insight into the foreign frauds, who posed as musicians, and his honest criticisms of certain methods which prevailed there caused him to be rather a menace to people of that stamp, and they were glad when he took his departure. His valuable knowledge of human nature and his fearlessness in upholding the right has brought about this change in the state of American musical matters. He has shown up the advertising scheme of the arch advertiser Marchesi. He has compelled the foreign singers to observe the rights of the American singers, and he has put it in the power of every American teacher and musician to prove their right to consideration. Bravo, Blumenberg! Let the good work go on.

Grenelli and Robinson.—Miss Inez Grenelli, the gifted young soprano, and Miss Helen Robinson, pianist (of Lachmund's Conservatory), gave a most successful concert recently at Plainfield, Conn., for the benefit of the library fund. A large and enthusiastic audience attended this concert. Miss Grenelli was also soloist at the First Baptist Church of Lambertville, N. Y., on Sunday, September 5.

Dyna Beumer.—Mme. Dyna Beumer, the Belgian soprano, who will appear in concert at the Astoria Hotel on November 9, will sail from Antwerp on September 25 on the steamer Friesland, of the Red Star Line, reaching New York on October 4. At the Astoria concert Madame Beumer will have the assistance of Emilio de Gogorza, baritone, Paolo Gallico, pianist, and Anton Seidl and a grand orchestra.

A Ratcliffe Caperton Pupil.—The following is another indorsement of Madame Caperton's success as a teacher:

A delightful musical was given on Saturday night by Miss Charlotte J. Thomas in honor of her guests, the Rev. Luther M. Angier, of Boston, the distinguished octogenarian divine, and Professor and Mrs. Elliott Coues, of Washington, D. C., who have been spending a month at her hospitable mansion. Among the choice selections rendered were those by Mr. Angier himself, Mr. George A. Thomas, Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia; Mr. McCready and Mr. Rankin, of Portland; Mrs. Nettie Morrison, Mrs. Evelyn D. White, Miss Webb, the celebrated violin soloist; Miss Eva Fogg, Miss Nellie McGregor, the Misses Springer, of Las Vegas, N. M., and others. Among the invited guests were Mr. and Mrs. Van Ness, of New York; Mr. Edward Barclay and family, of New York, besides many of Miss Thomas' Portland friends. The occasion was most enjoyable, as never fails to be the case at "Social Corner."

Mr. Bingham has a beautifully trained voice of exceptional range and quality, a fine personality and much dramatic power. We predict a great future for Mr. Bingham, who is a pupil of Mrs. Ratcliffe Caperton.—*Portland (Me.) Press*.

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AND



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PUGNO, The Great
French Pianist,



PLANCON,

No Agents or Managers have been authorized to negotiate for any of the above Artists, and all communications should be addressed to **Messrs. R. E. JOHNSTON & CO.**, at the **BELVEDERE HOUSE, NEW YORK**.

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S'adresser pour renseignements à l'Ambassade et au Consulat des Etats-Unis, à Paris.

MEMBRES DU COMITÉ FRANÇAIS—Félix Herbst, Avocat à la Cour, Maire du Vime Arondt; Léon Cléry, Avocat à la Cour; Charles Richet; Antony Ratier, Avoué au Tribunal de la Seine; Sénateur de l'Indre; Madame Marjolin, née Ary Shaffer; Mme. James S. Gibbs, ex-Présidente du Club Musical de Chicago; Mme. Demont Breton, Présidente de la Société des Femmes Artistes; Mme. Walden Pell et Miss Mathilda Smedley, ex-officio. Pour toutes correspondances officielles s'adresser à Mr. Henry Vignaud, Membre honoraire du Comité Premier Secrétaire de l'Ambassade des Etats-Unis.

MEMBRES HONORAIRES DU CONSEIL—T. B. Eustis, Ambassadeur des Etats-Unis à Paris; S. E. Morse, Consul Général des Etats-Unis à Paris; Massenet; Puvis de Chavannes; François Coppée; Sully, Prudhomme, Benjamin Constant, Frédéric Passy, Théodore Dubois, Directeur du Conservatoire; Paul Dubois, Directeur de l'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Membre de l'Institut; Camille Flammarion, Auguste Rodin, Carolus Duran, Duc de Pomar, Gustave de Morsier, Mme. Isabelle Bogelot, Mme. Kendall Champin, Mme. Camille Flammarion, Baronne Seillière, Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, Mme. James Jackson, Mme. Arnaud de Folard, Mme. Madeleine Lemaire, Mme. Adolphe Bocage, Madame Bensaude, Madame Blanc (Théodore Bentzon), Mme. Juliette Adam.

Arnaud de Folard, Avocat; Laisney, Avoué au Tribunal; F. Adolphe Bocage, Architecte.

Editors The Musical Courier:

I HAVE read with interest the article of Mrs. Darling regarding the proposed Art Academy at Washington, D. C., and the American National Institute at Paris, and with many others desired more information. I called on Mrs. Darling and found her, as ever, enthusiastic over art. I then visited Miss Smedley and hoped to have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Willard, who is one of those interested in the creation.

Miss Smedley was found at her studio in the Van Dyke Building, Fifty-sixth street and Eighth avenue. She impressed me as a woman fully in earnest, with absolute confidence in the work in which she is engaged. She has less sentiment than Mrs. Darling, and at once convinces those with whom she converses that her goal is success, and she keeps straight in the path, never losing sight of her purpose.

When Miss Smedley was asked "Where was the money to come from to support this great enterprise," she replied: "I believe in my nation; that if once the people of America were aroused to the facts set forth in the circular just put before the public, there will be no great delay in securing funds. It would be a national disgrace," she continued, "to reject any opportunity that would become a harvest to our country and a blessing to humanity, mutually, physically and financially—and my faith in my home and country is such that I believe every dollar will be forthcoming before the close of the nineteenth century."

"Is not this a surprise to the majority?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied, "I have worked very quietly. I did not seek notoriety nor display, but have worked for results and success. I sought the best gifts the world had to confer, and have not been disappointed. I have signatures of commendation from the most distinguished, and thousands of dollars worth of gifts, and a concession in price of

lessons from the greatest masters for a nominal price for students' lessons."

"It has been remarked, 'Why did you make money the last demand instead of the first?'"

"Because I know the value of money," she replied, "and once spent it is hard to replace, and always a temptation to build too rapidly. My first object was to fully understand what I was trying to accomplish; my second to know whether I would be benefiting my countrywomen. I also realized my plan and purpose must be properly understood and directed, or that would prove a curse instead of a blessing.

"I felt from the first that the French people must understand what was intended to be secured, or opposition instead of approval would be met. I sought and secured, however, their most enthusiastic co-operation. Parisians understand the perilous conditions of student life in their city, and have long been surprised that the United States had not provided more patronal for talent abroad. This knowledge on their part secured interest and endorsement, and gifts give evidence of substantial approval. I believe the rich will respond and scholarships follow.

"As a people we are able to become patrons of art; the Government will not be unmindful of brains—the wealth of nations. I believe the ground will be purchased, as set forth in Mrs. Darling's letter. She fully approves the design of the architect, Mr. Adolph Bocage, which is presented in evidence of interest and desire to aid. 'American art,' Mrs. Darling says with enthusiasm, 'cannot be improved upon, and is accepted with grateful appreciation.'

"You and Mrs. Darling are in full accord, as I understand the situation?"

"Yes, perfectly. Mrs. Darling's and Mr. Willard's plans and my own have run on parallel lines since 1893, and in 1897 they converge without friction and are to be realized, we hope, in 1900. As Mrs. Darling says and believes, 'a monument of glory and gratitude to honor the close of the nineteenth century. An altar in the temple of fame to the genius of our home and country.' We are a trinity, and shall work together faithfully and fraternally to reunite the two great republics through art."

"How much valuation is attached to the gifts already donated?"

"At least \$200,000, and I expect Mrs. Darling will teach Americans as I have Europeans. Europe has much confidence in the American public—in the fathers and mothers of the land of progress. We all know that the foundations must be strong to establish confidence. I have met confidence and concession."

"Is the enterprise strictly unsectarian and non-partisan?"

"Unqualifiedly," she replied. "Does not the interest shown by His Holiness Leo XIII, with endorsement of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Ireland, with interest of Martinelli, also the head of the Episcopal Church, Bishop Potter, with the co-operation of the Hebrew Rabbi Gustave Gottheil, Dr. Vandyke, Dr. Burrell, Dr. Faunce and others high in church, give answer to the interrogation to indicate the broad lines upon which we have founded?"

"I am told you received a medal from Cardinal Rompolo; is not this unusual recognition of a Protestant from the Church of Rome?"

"The Church is the patron of art, and the cardinal much interested in the extended benefaction," Miss Smedley replied. "Evidently he desired to express to Americans his appreciation of the work. A gift to the library and art gallery will also be presented from the Vatican in further recognition of approval."

"Would you be willing to detail the character of other gifts and from whom received?"

"Mostly from Parisian and American artists and residents of Paris, including sculptors and artists at Rome, comprising library, gallery sculpture and other valuable works of art; further, a donation to aid the erection of the library, and with the aid and influence of Mrs. Walden Pell, all the furniture for the institute is assured. We expect the funds for the erection and endowment will be subscribed in America."

"Have any gifts been received from our people?"

"Yes, subscriptions have been made and scholarships

established. Mason & Hamlin have donated a Liszt organ, and other houses are ready to respond, as soon as we have a permanent building."

"Why is not the benefit extended to young men interested in higher education?"

"I have recognized the demand; already educational benefits are extended and the advantages of the institute are intended, but there are no steps taken yet for a residence; but we hope some man of wealth will erect and endow a building for this special purpose."

"Are you in accord with the preparatory school being instituted by Mr. Willard?"

"Certainly, it is a part of the original foundations—leading to the home university or academy at Washington; for the institute at Paris is intended to receive those who have received diplomas at home as qualified for this special honor, thereby protecting teachers of our own country."

"Are not the schools and colleges already established sufficient to meet the demand?"

"Yes, but this is intended to meet the long-felt want and prevent students of genius from going abroad unprepared, with no money, seeking education. We believe not only Government, but men and women of wealth will generously aid a well guaranteed institution to carry out a national benefaction through the American institute of Paris through scholarships."

"The preparatory school will prove a great service, as the French language will be taught students free of charge, which will overcome the great embarrassment of students abroad and make them familiar with the customs of France, while the American institute of Paris will at once place them under the best masters and social prestige."

169 BOULEVARD MALESHERBES, PARIS, November 9, 1896.

DEAR MISS SMEDLEY—In answer to your questions I have no hesitation in saying:

- That plenty of singers come here who had better stay at home, where there are teachers quite competent enough to teach them, because they do not possess voice and talent enough to make it worth their while coming to Europe.

- That those who possess fine voices or great musical talent had best come at once to Paris to study, without studying at home first. Teachers always prefer pupils who have not been taught at all to those who have been taught.

- It is absolutely useless to come here with any idea of singing on the French stage unless pronunciation in French is free from English accent.

- Your society should use all its influence to do away with the foolish prejudice in America that singers must make their début in Europe before they will accept them at home. On the contrary, let us encourage home talent. (Subscription \$50.) Faithfully yours,

SEBASTIAN B. SCHLESINGER.

The Piano and the Left Hand.

TRASHY piano music, with thin harmonies, gives the lion's share of what effort it necessitates, to the right hand, while of the left is required but a feeble thrumming. All good, well written music, whether difficult or easy, makes equal demands on both hands. The faithful teacher should see to it that the student does such music justice by training the left hand to equal skill with the right. Where an instinctive preference is shown for the left, the right must be the more carefully drilled, but in this instance, as has been shown, the student is at a certain advantage.

Old Father Bach gave, in all his compositions, equal play to both hands. A painstaking practice of the left hand of his inventions and fugues, then of both hands, will do much toward the achievement of equality. Beethoven, as well, is one of the masters who expect all ten fingers to obey their behests, and the pianist who would interpret his creations must be able to express as much with one hand as with the other.

It has been said truly that the educated hand is the most perfect instrument by means of which imagination and idealism are translated into fact. Two such instruments the skillful pianist must possess. Education should make him ambidextrous, whether his instinctive preference be for the right or the left hand. Consequently he of all people, should enjoy to the utmost the advantages arising from well developed brains, heart and all the mental and physical faculties.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

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A Sherwood Pupil.—Miss Virgie Ashley, who has been at Chautauqua studying with William H. Sherwood, is in New York, and will soon return to Savannah, Ga.

Frederick R. Burton at the Worcester Festival.—Mr. Frederick R. Burton is attending the Worcester Festival in the capacity of critic for the *Daily Telegram* of that city.

Arnold Kutner, Voice Teacher.—This well-known disciple of Julius Hey, of Berlin, this famous pedagogue, has resumed teaching; his class is already larger than ever before at this period of the year.

Max Bendheim at Work.—Mr. Bendheim may again be found in his large and elegant Fifth avenue studio. Two of his best pupils, who have done brilliant work in public, are Zetta Kennedy and Alexandra Fransiooli.

J. Jerome Hayes' New Address.—J. Jerome Hayes, the well-known singing teacher, has engaged a studio with Mr. Henry Taylor Staats, the piano teacher, at 487 Fifth avenue, and will resume teaching on Saturday, October 2.

Thekla Burmeister to Marry.—Thekla Burmeister, the well-known vocal teacher, has decided not to return to America after two years' study in Berlin, as she had intended, but will instead be married this month to a prominent manufacturer of Berlin.

Abercrombie.—Mr. Charles Abercrombie, the popular singing teacher, well known as the instructor of Dorothy Morton, the successful prima donna, and also of Charlotte de Leyde, Neal McKay and Marie Stori, of Daly's Company, will resume his lessons in voice culture on Friday, September 24, at his studio in Carnegie Hall.

Sinsheimer Back.—Bernard Sinsheimer, the well-known violinist, returned from Europe last week, and will resume his teaching and solo work here. While abroad Mr. Sinsheimer played several times in Paris and Brussels with immense success. Mr. Sinsheimer expects an unusually busy and successful winter season.

Women's String Orchestra at Tuxedo.—The Women's String Orchestra, Carl V. Lachmund director, gave a most successful concert recently at Tuxedo Park. The attendance was large and fashionable, and the ladies of the orchestra were given a dinner at the clubhouse. After the dinner the members of the orchestra were taken around the lake in carriages and were, indeed, generally lionized. This remarkable and estimable organization expects an unusually busy season, a number of engagements being already booked by Mr. Lachmund and agents.

E. C. Towne.—Among the arrivals from Europe this week may be noted that of the sterling artist and trustworthy tenor, Mr. E. C. Towne. Mr. Towne has spent some time in London and Paris, besides making a short tour on the Continent. He also made a trip to Italy to visit his old maestro, Vanucini, and returns to this country much improved in both voice and physique. He will be heard in oratorio and concert in many of the principal cities of this country and Canada, and has already been re-engaged for the third consecutive season by the Choral Society of Washington, D. C.

E. Ellsworth Giles.—Following is one of the press criticisms of a concert given under the direction of E. Ellsworth Giles, the tenor, at Oneonta, N. Y., early in September, when he had the assistance of Miss Hilke, soprano, Mr. Riesberg, pianist, and others:

The concert given by Mr. E. Ellsworth Giles and his company of distinguished New York artists last evening was in every

particular up to the high standard set by popular expectation. The large audience embraced the best musical talent in Oneonta.

Mr. Giles' voice indicates clearly the beneficial effects of recent careful study with the best masters, and at the conclusion of the concert the unanimous verdict was that as a tenor soloist he has few equals. Unquestionably no such combination of musical talent was ever got together in Oneonta.—*The Oneonta Herald*.

Here is what a local paper said of Mr. Giles' first appearance at Cooperstown, N. Y.:

Each succeeding concert at the Fenimore seems more enjoyable than the preceding one, and last Saturday's was especially so because of the fine singing of the New York tenor E. Ellsworth Giles. He has an extremely strong and expressive voice, and this, united with distinct enunciation and charming personal presence, go to make his every appearance eventful.—*Otsego Republican*.

Mr. Giles and Miss Maud Morgan were the two assisting artists at a concert given at Piermont last Thursday evening.

The Success of the De Pasquals.—The following press notices tell the story of merited recognition of these successful artists:

The chief excellence of this specific performance was the Faust of Signor de Pasquali and the Marguerite of Signora de Pasquali. These well-schooled artists proved themselves entirely familiar with these famous rôles, and acted and sung with an intensity and finish that carried the production far above any expectations. Signor de Pasquali achieved an excellent effect with the "Salve Dimora" and acted in an effective manner throughout. In the "King of Thule" ballad and also in the jewel song, Signora de Pasquali created great enthusiasm by her rapt, intense and ingenuous manner, and also by her fine phrasing and artistic singing. She was obliged to repeat the jewel song twice, and at the end of the act there were several curtain calls.—*The Chicago Times-Herald*.

Signor de Pasquali in the title rôle (Faust) won a very large measure of applause. His duet with Mephistopheles was encored again and again. He was especially good in his love passages, where the delicate quality of his voice has ample opportunity to show the tender passion of the ardent suitor.—*The Chicago Dispatch*.

Signora de Pasquali as Marguerite impressed the audience with the pure, sweet tone she uses so skillfully, no less than the simple, natural manner in which she carried the part. The spinning wheel song, "King of Thule," followed by the brilliant passages of the jewel song, awoke the enthusiasm of the audience.—*Chicago Daily Inter-Ocean*.

The performance of Gounod's "Faust" last night was received with evidences of strong appreciation. The De Pasquals, the central figures in the performances, were most deservedly called before the curtain six times on the close of the garden scene. Signor and Signora de Pasquali filled the rôle of Faust and Marguerite in really admirable and sympathetic manner.—*Chicago Tribune*.

W. Theodore Van Yorx, Solo Tenor.—On the eve of a most promising season Mr. Van Yorx has already many engagements booked, among them a Goshen concert, one at Port Chester, and six special Sunday evening services at St. John's Church (Protestant Episcopal), Brooklyn, N. Y.

His singing of the "Messiah" in Carnegie Hall and at other prominent concerts is still fresh in the public mind.

He is tenor soloist of the celebrated choir of St. James' Episcopal Church, Seventy-first street and Madison avenue, also of the New West End Jewish Temple, of West Eighty-second street.

His voice is one of beautiful quality and great power, possessing richness and fullness of tone in its entire range; this, combined with his artistic and intelligent musical nature, particularly adapt him for the interpretation of oratorios and the standard works.

Mr. Van Yorx has been for years associated with musicians and artists of the highest standing, having sung under the baton of Damrosch, Walter Henry Hall, Carl Zerrahn and many other noted conductors.

Shannah C. Jones, the Soprano.—One of the "Daughters of the Revolution," Shannah Cumming Jones is proud of her Americanism, and that whatever she has attained has been as an American artist. Prominent in Buffalo, N. Y., she was induced to leave there for Pittsburg several years since, and on May 1 assumed the position of soprano at the West Presbyterian Church (Dr. Paxton's), where, with Mrs. Alves, Rieger and Bushnell, she has found most agreeable work. She is also a first-class pianist and has made her mark as concert singer. Prominent among her appearances was that with Sousa at Manhattan Beach a year ago, when the Brooklyn Standard-Union said:

Mrs. Jones sang both the afternoon and evening at Sousa's festival concerts and made a marked hit. With exquisite taste she rendered the waltz song from "Mireille" (Gounod) and the aria "More Regal

in His Low Estate," by the same composer. She was heartily applauded and sang several encores. Mrs. Jones comes to Brooklyn from Pittsburg, where she was the leading soprano of the English Lutheran Church, and where she sang with the Pittsburg Orchestra. Her voice is true and sweet and has a range of nearly three octaves.

Last May she appeared in Troy, N. Y., when the *Press* said of her:

Mrs. Jones was received cordially. Her introductory number was the aria, "More Regal in His Low Estate," by Gounod, and it was a well chosen selection. It showed the power of the singer's voice superbly, and it was grandly sung. A most enthusiastic encore followed the fine interpretation of the number, and the singer responded, giving Gounod's waltz song, "Mirelle," splendidly. This was totally different from the program number, and showed the vocalist as a coloratura singer, her voice having marvelous flexibility and being easily equal to the demands of the composition. Mrs. Jones' voice is a fine soprano, of exceptional range and power, and she proved a great attraction. For the encore Mrs. Jones played her own accompaniment, as she did also for her second program number, which was a double one. The selections were "Autumn," an exquisite song by Franz, and "Spring," a charming composition by Well. In the rendering Mrs. Jones added to her previous popularity, and again had to respond to another encore, giving delightfully "Polly Willis," by Dr. Arne.

This is from the *Record*:

Mrs. Jones followed with two widely different selections, "Autumn," by Franz, and Well's "Spring." The soloist played her own accompaniments, and her work in both numbers, vocally and instrumentally, is deserving of high praise. In responding to a well merited encore the singer gave Dr. Arne's "Polly Willis," an old English song.

Mrs. Shannah Cummings Jones chose the ever welcome aria, "More Regal in His Low Estate," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," for her initial appearance. Mrs. Jones delivered the difficult selection with fine authority and finish, and at once established herself as a vocalist of good judgment and musicianly attainments. Her voice is rich and smooth, of wide range and great flexibility, while her lower tones take on the quality of a contralto. At the close of her dramatic interpretation of the aria an encore was demanded, and Mrs. Jones responded with a waltz song, "Mirelle," by Gounod. In this sprightly number the vocalist played her own accompaniment with a delicate but certain touch.

OUR INFORMATION BUREAU.

MAIL FOR ARTISTS.

Mail addressed to the following has been received at THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information:

Henry Waller.
Miss Ida Fuller.
Antonio Galassi.
Mrs. Florence Gray.
A. H. Heward.
John Howard.
H. Curtis.
F. W. Riesberg.
Oswald Cohen.
Miss Carhart.
Anton Seidl.
Max Heinrich.
H. E. Ryder.
F. X. Arens.
N. R. Chapman.
Mlle. C. Meysenheym.
Edmund Severn.
Ed. R. Meyer.
The Manuscript Society.
R. De Koven.

MAIL FORWARDED.

Letters have been forwarded to the following since previous issue:

Mrs. A. L. C. Raymond.
E. R. Remenyi.
Miss Caroline Maben.
Mrs. F. B. Joyce.
Miss K. Kautz.
Miss Feilding Roselle.
Constantin von Sternberg.
Miss L. V. Sheldon.
Miss M. Reese Davies.
Messrs. Listemann.

Chickering Hall Seidl Concerts.

THE soloist of the first Seidl concert in Chickering Hall will be Richard Hoffman, and Xavier Scharwenka is to appear at three of the six concerts. The othersingers and players are not yet settled on.

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PORTLAND.

PORTLAND, Ore., September 8, 1897.

MR. REGINALD L. HIDDEN, violinist, gave a concert in the Auditorium to-day, in which he had the assistance of Miss Susie Gambell, soprano; Mr. Edgar E. Coursen, pianist, and Dr. Wm. A. Cumming, bass-baritone. Mr. Hidden is a recent acquisition to Portland's musical circles, and judging from his first appearance is a welcome one, as he is a violinist of fine attainment. Miss Gambell is a successful pupil of Mrs. Walter Reed.

Dr. Cumming, who is a brother of Mrs. Shannah Jones, of New York, and Mrs. W. A. Wetzell, of Portland, shares the talent which has given prominence to his sisters, and acquitted himself very acceptably. Mr. Edgar E. Coursen, without whom no musical affair in Portland may be considered complete, presided at the piano.

Mr. Coursen has repeatedly during the past seasons tried to keep chamber music before our people, and why they have never responded more heartily is one of those things that could only be proven by analytical discussion. Mr. Coursen is one of the most thorough, all-around musicians on the Coast, and indeed he might be dropped down in New York and he would prove that a thorough musician is at home in a large city as well as in one of smaller size.

Portland has material of which it might be proud. Concerts might be given here which would be most educational as well as entertaining, for we have some fine talent, but the audiences, or the lack of audiences, speak louder than Fafner's words, "Lass mich schlafen" ("Let me sleep"). Well, let them sleep—Brahms, Grieg, Schumann, Dvorák quartets still keep others awake, and those to be pitied are the few of us who literally starve for music.

Miss Rose Block, a brilliant dramatic soprano, may go to New York this season. Miss Block refused a magnificent offer in Worcester, Mass., which is only one of many offers that are open to her, for a singer of Miss Block's power, finish and art in addition to her charming personality does not lack in opportunity.

Mrs. Edgar B. Piper, a pupil of Rotoli, is a delightful singer who will be much missed in Portland this season. Mrs. Piper will reside in Sea-tle, where Mr. Piper, one of the most gifted journalists on the Pacific Coast, is to assume the editor's chair on the *Post-Intelligencer*.

Mr. Henry L. Bettman, the violinist, formerly the Portland correspondent of THE MUSICAL COURIER, but now a resident of San Francisco, was in Portland for a very few days.

The article on Robert Tolmie in a recent issue of THE MUSICAL COURIER was much appreciated in Portland, where Mr. Tolmie has been heard in concert, and is highly appreciated.

Whereas teachers are settling down to work again, there is little to say definitely, however
MORE ANON.

Singing Among the Greeks.

OUR present system of public instruction is not so modern as some would have us believe. Sparta had her State superintendent, who—if distant report is to be trusted—was an educational despot. But while he wielded his walking stick freely during official visits, and encouraged his subordinates to ply the rod on all occasions, he was as diligent a promoter of music as is any humane and progressive educator of our era. As a result, the little Lacedæmonians sang blithely, no matter what torment was going on under their tunics. And all over Greece, in those dim days, were schools, ranging from infant grades instructed under Arcadian hedges to university extension schemes harbored in buildings uniquely termed "places of leisure."

The infants were drilled in their alpha-beta-gammas; the older boys were taught poetry and gymnastics, with something of arithmetic, geometry and drawing; and adults

spent their leisure with rhetoricians and sophists, paying handsomely for the privilege. But music was a *sine qua non* of Grecian life, in school and in sport, in battle and in burial. The epic and elegiac chantings at festivals, the calm speculations of Pythagoras as to the music of the spheres, the choral outburst of "the great fifth century," the martial odes of Tyrtaeus and Pindar, all show the national love for melody of voice as well as for high and harmonious thought. An old-time Greek set down amid the strident, metallic voices of our Occidental world would feel that the Furies had seized either upon him or the continent he was visiting.—*Gertrude E. Wall, in Lippincott's*.

The Teacher.

LAST week's COURIER published a series of very flattering press criticisms from Chicago on the singing of Signora de Pasquali. They were from the *Tribune*, the *Evening Post*, the *Daily News* and other Chicago papers, and they analyzed that artist's voice and commented upon the dramatic power, the sympathy, the understanding, the delightful quality, the purity, intensity and pathos of the voice and the general vocal accomplishments of that singer.

Now, who taught her? is a question that would naturally arise. Who was her teacher? How did she get the knowledge that enabled her to express her art? For five years the lady took lessons with Oscar Saenger, of this city, who was her sole teacher. During that time she developed a rarely beautiful soprano voice of great range, singing from low G to the high D above the staff with absolutely pure intonation. She had an engagement with Camilla Urso and subsequently sang in various sections of the country until now, when her ability is recognized in a larger sphere.

We merely refer to this to illustrate our claim in favor of the resident teacher. Here, as an instance, is Oscar Saenger, a modest and unassuming New York vocal pedagogue, doing work with pupils who actually go forth from his studio into some of the most significant musical events, and such a fact is worthy of record, particularly during an era when it is considered essential to go abroad in order to know how to sing.

Circulars and Pamphlets.

THE artistic cuts, half-tones and reproductions of the photographs and portraits published in this paper are known to the whole musical profession. These are printed, together with this paper, by the Blumenberg Press, 214 William street, which is prepared to print the most artistic kind of circulars and pamphlets and catalogues for musicians or others.

The Blumenberg Press has a large line of samples and specimens of its work, which can be submitted as evidence of the artistic finish of its productions, besides offering every week THE MUSICAL COURIER as the best evidence of rapid newspaper production, typographically as perfect and beautiful as anything in its line in the world—in fact, superior to the great majority of weekly or magazine publications. All questions on printing cheerfully answered in detail.

WEST SIXTY-FIFTH STREET.—Will rent for winter sunny flat, four rooms and bath, furnished, including Chickering grand piano, \$50 per month, or will rent piano separately for \$4. Address, Musician, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Bureau of Information.

THE MUSICAL COURIER Bureau of Information and Department of Mailing and Correspondence is now open on the third floor of THE MUSICAL COURIER Building, 19 Union square.

Professional people, musical or dramatic, those engaged in the musical instrument business or all allied professions and trades, music teachers, musicians and strangers visiting the city are cordially invited to make use of the Bureau as a place of meeting or of inquiry.

The attendance and services are all

GRATIS

and no fees of any kind whatever are charged.

Desks and all material at hand for letter writing, telegraphing and cabling.

Persons traveling abroad or in this country can have their mail promptly forwarded by having it sent care of THE MUSICAL COURIER by recording their itinerary here from time to time.

Music teachers should have their permanent addresses on file in this department to enable us to answer inquiries.

Walter J. Hall.—Mr. Walter J. Hall, the well-known vocal instructor, has returned to town from his summer vacation and will resume teaching at his studio in Carnegie Hall on October 1. Mr. Hall's season promises to be a busy one as usual.

A PROMINENT violinist will let handsome studio in Carnegie Hall, with use of piano, two or three days weekly for the year or season. Address "Studio," care THE MUSICAL COURIER.

WANTED—Organist Choirmaster for St. James' Cathedral (Church of England), Toronto, Canada; choir of sixty voices; Cathedral service; three manual organ; salary, \$1,200. Applications received till August 15, 1897. Apply Chairman Music Committee, St. James' Vestry, Toronto.

WANTED—Soprano, dramatic and statuesque; Wagnerian roles; private; for illustration and demonstration; studio work which may lead to public engagement. Send photo and repertory as well as record. Salary satisfactory if work can be done. Address Wagner, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

WANTED—A few select pupils for one day in the week by a vocal teacher engaged in private school during the balance of week. Special attention given to the eradication of physiological defects, and the remedying of acquired faults. Highest reference. Address Voice, care MUSICAL COURIER, New York.

Chev. Dante del Papa,

Grand Opera Tenor from Milan, Paris, Metropolitan Opera House and Damrosch Opera Company. Instructor at the Metropolitan College of Music in New York. Vocal and Dramatic Teacher with the best Italian Method.

References: Mme. Sophia Scalchi, Mlle. Emma Calvé, Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reszki. Studio: 132 East 47th Street, NEW YORK.

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Brooklyn Institute.

SOME dates of the musical events to take place under the auspices of the Brooklyn Institute are here-with appended:

SONG RECITALS.

October 18—Mr. and Mrs. Georg Henschel.
October 27—David Bispham. Violin, Maud Powell.
November 17—Max Heinrich. Violin, Bertha Bucklin.
December 8—Lillian Blauvelt, Purdon Robinson.
January 5—Emma Juch. Cello, Victor Herbert.

CHAMBER MUSIC.

October 20—Kneisel Quartet.
November 8—Quartet from Metropolitan Orchestra.
(Whatever that may mean.)

November 24—Richard Arnold Sextet.

December 22—Spiering String Quartet.

January 12—Octet and septet from Metropolitan Orchestra
(Whatever that may mean).

PIANO AND VIOLIN RECITALS.

January 26—Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler.
(Subject to postponement.)

February 9—Henri Marteau; Lotta Mills.

February 24—Alexander Siloti.

March 8—Constantin von Sternberg.

March 31—W. H. Sherwood.

BOSTON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.

Emil Paur, conductor.

(Saturday evenings.)

November 18, December 18, January 22, February 19,
March 26.

(Matinee precedes on Fridays.)

The following are the soloists, although there are sure to be changes, as THE MUSICAL COURIER knows of some of these who will not appear as scheduled: Melba, Gadski, Barna, Bispham, Ffrangcon-Davies, Campanari, Szumowska, Josephy, Kneisel, Schroeder.

SPECIAL PERFORMANCES.

December 1—Rosenthal recital.

December 29—Ysaye recital.

—Guilmant organ recital.

February 2—Choral concert, Apollo Club, Dudley Buck conductor.

April 6—Oratorio Society concert, Walter Henry Hall, conductor; "The Messiah."

—Theodore Thomas' Orchestra; Nordica, soloist.
In addition there are minor concerts and major lectures.

The Eppinger Conservatory.

CRITICISM in matters artistic, in any sphere, is both easy and to be expected; because art, appealing to the senses, is a matter of taste. It were folly to endeavor to escape it, or to attempt to cater artistically to all. The problem can only be solved by inward consciousness of work accomplished on the highest basis with breadth and talent. Apply this to any conservatory of music and your foremost stepping-stone is in the right direction. After you have once accomplished the routine form of location and acoustic arrangements, proper instruments and such like details, is a conscientious, well chosen and able faculty.

The Eppinger Conservatory of Music has evidently taken this question well into consideration, because the list of its instructors which are to guide the musical students through the labyrinth of music study is a very capable one. Mr. Samuel Eppinger, the director, is so well known as a pianist and musician as to need but little further comment. His compositions, notably "The Slumber Song," have enjoyed general popularity and have caused universal admiration.

Señor Gonzalo de Núñez has long held public favor by reason of his excellent musical talent, good touch and fluent technic, while the number of his compositions are voluminous.

Mme. Henrietta S. Corradi is an Officier d'Académie and the only woman in America holding this honorable title for her ability as a vocal instructress.

Mr. James B. Morris, M.B., is a graduate of Trinity College, Toronto, Canada, and is an acknowledged authority on theory, harmony and instrumentation.

The names mentioned are enough to give a general idea of the careful scrutiny which the faculty list at the

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Eppinger's Conservatory of Music has undergone. The faculty concert at the conservatory takes place at 8:15 p. m. on Saturday, October 9, and a general invitation is extended to prospective students and all lovers of good music.

FACULTY.

PIANO DEPARTMENT—Samuel Eppinger, director; Gonzalo de Núñez, Otto Kinzel, Celia Ehrlich (Virgil method), Jenny Schwabe, Zola Lindheim.

ORGAN DEPARTMENT—Wm. A. Pilcher and assistants.

VOCAL DEPARTMENT—G. Ponzi, Bella Tomina, Henrietta S. Corradi (Officier d'Académie).

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Anecdotes of Musicians.

LIKE Mozart, Beethoven was a phenomenal extempore. One day, after a quintet by Steibelt had been performed, he placed the violoncello part upside down on his desk, and from a suggestion it thus presented drummed with one finger a "subject" from which he evolved such a performance that before it was over Steibelt, his rival, had fled the scene, and avoided him afterward. On the occasion of his first appearance as a pianist, he performed his first concerto in C major, which was finished in a great hurry on the previous afternoon. At the concert he discovered that the piano was a half tone flat, but this did not seem to disconcert him much, for he settled the matter by playing in C sharp—a great feat, performed also by Brahms in like circumstances, in connection with the "Kreutzer Sonata." Scores of such anecdotes attach to the memory of this truly great maestro, Beethoven. A characteristic account is given of the "Eroica," or Third symphony. Composed in 1803, it had its origin in his admiration for Napoleon, whom he looked on as a model of republican virtue. His design was to call it the Bonapart symphony, when the news came that the first consul had made himself an emperor. The dedication was destroyed in a rage, to be replaced by the following title: "Sinfonia eroica per festeggiare il souvenir d'un grand uomo."

Of Wagneriana there are volumes. That is an entertaining story anent his visit to Vienna, when Count von Beust dined him. The chancellor was warned that Wagner was to be serenaded by the Prussian party, and political considerations made it desirable to avoid a demonstration; but Wagner could not be got rid of. So the chancellor suavely interested the great musician in autographs, and by simulated accident turned up a revolutionary and firebrand document which Wagner had signed in 1848. There was no serenade, for Wagner departed the next day. How cruel was fate toward him in 1859, when the Princess Metternich influenced the Emperor, who ordered the mounting of "Tannhäuser" on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, at a cost of £8,000. A cabal was organized by the Jockey Club in opposition to the opera, on the ground that it had no ballet, and it only survived three performances.

Liszt was the subject of many after dinner stories. When in Russia, it is said, playing before the Emperor and Empress, the former conversed in a rather loud tone. Liszt suddenly stopped and, bowing to the Emperor, said: "Sire, when the king speaks all should remain silent." The Czar did not relish this rash *mot*, and Liszt was handed his passport the next morning.

Some interesting things are recorded of Mozart, who, like Mendelssohn and Beethoven, was great at improvisation. At a party of musicians one day he invited Madame Nicla, the vocalist of his day, to suggest a theme, which she did, and from the refrain she sang he evolved a brilliant and charming fantaisie. Jahn, in his "Life," mentions that when as a child he extemporized a song on the word "perfido," he became very excited, struck the clavier like one possessed, and several times sprang up from his seat. After a rehearsal of his "Idomeneo" a writer says the oboe

and horn players "went home half crazy," so delightful to the musicians was Mozart's music; while during the rehearsal of "Le Nozze di Figaro," when Benacci was singing "Non piu andrai," the orchestra and listeners were all at the same moment so excited and enthusiastic over it that they rose as one man, crying "Bravo, bravo, maestro; viva, viva, grande Mozart." When the composer of the immortal Twelfth Mass produced his "Entführung aus dem Serail" in 1782, the Emperor of Austria expressed the opinion that it was "too fine for our ears, my dear Mozart—too many notes!" To which Mozart replied: "Exactly as many notes as are required, Your Majesty."—London Standard.

Isidore Luckstone.

THE fallacy of the fad for European training of the voice has been mentioned so often that it seems unnecessary to again discuss the subject, but knowing of a number of instances very recently where pupils who have just returned after having studied with celebrated teachers abroad were compelled to go into the hands of style, repertory and finishing teachers here before they were able to accept engagements, it would seem as though this ought to prove definitely that there is yet very much to think of and ponder upon before sending pupils abroad.

It has been the good fortune of many of these cases to fall into the hands of Mr. Isidore Luckstone, whose experience with such artists as Nordica, Materna, Ondricek, &c., has been so great as to make him in every way fitted to give artistic interpretations and finish to both singers and violinists who, notwithstanding perfection of tone and technic, yet require that without which the noblest tone and most florid technic is lost, and the singer or player and his friends marvel that with such a voice and such instruction he is not a success.

Many an inferior voice will make a better effect than one of very much better quality, or rather many a singer with a fine organ must stand back and make way for one whose voice will bear no comparison. The cause of this may be directly attributed to the fact that the ease and self control of a singer has an enormous influence upon an audience, and without that finish which such coaching will give, the finest voice will fall short of the word "artistic."

Notwithstanding the fact that offers are coming in from all over to Mr. Luckstone to go on tour, he has decided to remain in New York permanently, where he has had every evidence that his services will be most appreciated, and where indeed there is an immense field for one of his capabilities in this line, as his years of experience with artists have fitted him pre-eminently to be of benefit to all requiring work in concert, operatic or oratorio singing.

Mr. Luckstone may also be regarded as a great help among those desiring an accompanist whose repertory of vocal and violin music is almost unlimited, and whose sight reading and musical interpretations would be of such a degree as to enable him to undertake an engagement at a minute's notice. In short, Mr. Luckstone in New York is a fact not to be overlooked by those in the city and out of it desirous of acquiring repertory and artistic finish.

The Dayton Philharmonic.—Massenet's "Eve," Chadwick's "Phoenix Expiran," "Cinderella," by H. Hofman, and Haydn's "Creation" will be given by the Dayton Philharmonic Society, W. L. Blumenschein director, this season.

Pizzarello Returns.—Pizzarello, the well-known pianist, who has been in Paris for some time, will arrive in New York on October 2 on the steamer La Touraine, and will resume work at his former studio at No. 46 West Thirty-sixth street. Mr. Pizzarello has had an ideal rest, and has heartily enjoyed his sojourn in Paris, where he was entertained by Manouri, Diemer, Chartran and other notabilities.

Kate Stella Burr, Pianist and Organist.—After some weeks spent in the vicinity of Binghamton, N. Y., this energetic and successful young woman has returned to the city prepared to resume her various musical connections. She makes a specialty of song interpretation, *i. e.*, teaching singers the proper style in various songs. Miss Burr is vice-president of the New York State M. T. A.

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The DRAMA & LITERATURE

PLAYS, THEATRES AND MANAGERS.

IN the old Greek myth the life of Meleager was indissolubly connected with the existence of a particular log of wood. The life of the American drama is just as intimately bound up in the existence of the blockheads who manage the theatres. There can be no intelligent drama while the stage is directed by unintelligent men.

We said last week that there is not one literate, instructed, intelligent, cultured manager of plays or playhouses in this city; we may add that there is not half an one.

Why men of this higher order have neglected the theatrical business is not easily explicable. The monetary rewards it offers are not insignificant. It has to do with an art which is pretty and might be splendid in its intellectual achievements, even as it has been of old. To be sure there are many drawbacks—still there seems to be no reason why the trade of purveying theatrical entertainment should not attract men of talent and education.

As a grim and melancholy fact, however, it does not attract them. The business is in the hands of men who belong distinctly and unequivocally to the lower orders.

The dramatic art languishes.

It languishes wholly and solely because it is managed by men of vapid mind. They do the best they can, but their best is a mixture of vulgarity, stupidity and inanity. We cannot expect a beery lout to provide any pleasures save those which are well within the scope of the beery lout. Water does not rise higher than its source. The unlettered manager cannot get higher than the level of his own illiteracy.

The common plea of the illiterate New York manager is that he provides the sort of dramatic entertainment the people want.

There are two answers to this:

First—He does nothing of the sort. He provides the sort of entertainment that is liked by the coarsest people, or by people at their coarsest; he caters to the stupidest people, or to people at their stupidest; he appeals to the sensual man and the silly woman; he baits traps for the laughter of fools and the tears of imbeciles. And he does this simply because he himself is coarse and stupid and sensual and silly—pleased by singing without music, romping without merriment, laughter without mirth.

We repeat that the theatrical manager does not provide the sort of dramatic entertainment men and women want. He caters only for men at their worst and women at their silliest.

Second—Even did he give theatregoers the sort of plays they want there would be no justification in it. The higher orders do not visit the playhouses; the better classes are not the patrons of the dreary farces and sappy sentimentalities purveyed by the illiterate managers of this city. The audiences attracted by the cheap dramatic claptrap of the hour are as uncultured, uncritical and ignorant as the theatrical managers themselves. Take the members of any first night audience and their opinions *individually*, and they are absolutely worthless.

What a monstrous absurdity it is to assume that taken collectively they are infallible!

And even were it true that audiences are satisfied with what they get, this is no excuse for giving them nothing better.

Right there lies the trouble.

The groundlings have been permitted to dictate the quality of public amusements; the managers are their representatives, equally ignorant of the art, the history and the technic of drama.

The evil is plain enough; what is the remedy?

Something, it has been pointed out, might be done by judicious sneering; the public might be educated by efficient sneering into a contempt for the low and silly play, and after awhile there might be the satisfaction of knowing that a vulgar manager or two had been ruined. Still there seems to be no real and ready remedy.

Music is suffering from the same evil—the ignorance of the music managers.

The influence of the illiterate manager is less disastrous in music, however, for there are many checks on his efficacy for evil—expert criticism, for instance, specialized audiences, instructed and cultivated, and the greater freedom and higher intelligence of musicians. In dramatic affairs there are

no such checks; criticism is ineffectual, and actors, audience and managers wallow in the same mire.

Why should we bother about it? Why not let the drama take its own course? Why not let it make its own way? Why not let the natural laws of business work out the problem? Why not let natural selection attain its ordinary end?

At first blush these queries seem not unreasonable, but there is a fallacy at the root of each of them.

Amusing the public is not a business like any other—it is accompanied with a far larger measure of public responsibility than any other business save that of education. It would be quite as reasonable to let education work out its own salvation—to let the lower orders decide on the books of instruction and permit the representatives of the lower orders to become the instructors.

No; the first rule of the arts is that natural selection may not have its own way; always and everywhere in the arts it must yield to the higher form—artificial selection. The very existence of poetry and painting, music and sculpture, depend upon artificial selection—were it no more than the artificial selection of an audience. Poet, musician, painter—in so far as they work for an audience at all they work for an ideal audience, for the supremely cultured, the largely lettered. It is only when the dramatist works under like conditions that great plays are made. Molière wrote for the wits and gentle folk of the most accomplished court in Europe; Shakespeare wrote for the literate.

To-day the ignorant manager blocks the path to good work—to dramatic art of any sort. He is abetted by the ignorant audience. These two have usurped the theatres.

We cannot persuade ourselves that the silly farces and vulgar comedies of the hour are the best dramatic expression of this cultured, earnest and artistic generation.

We believe that the intellectual and artistic poverty of the drama is due to the unintellectual and inartistic managers. As long as such men control the theatres, the dramatic art will languish.

The first step, then, in reforming the drama is to reform the managers. It would seem a hopeless task to set about. There seems to be no way of accomplishing it.

We say again that the drama has been degraded to suit the tastes of men whose minds are debauched and women whose minds are weak; that it is in the hands of "managers" who are conspicuously ignorant, uneducated, uncultivated, coarse, vulgar and facetious in sensuality.

And the worst of it is we can see no remedy.

THE close season is ending and, for certain game, is ended. The "day of blood"—to use the happy phrase of the Bishop of Hippo, St. Augustine of blessed memory—is at hand. Jocundly and with a clean conscience we may now go out and kill something.

There should be, too, a close time for aesthetics—a time when plays and players may go unwhipped of the critic, when the playwrights may sit upon their eggs without running the risk of being potted by a paragrapher. It is much to be desired.

STILL let a due reserve the Muse attend
Who threads the Sonnet's labyrinth. As some bell
That tolls for vespers in a twilight dell,
So in the octave, let her voice suspend

Her pomp of phrase. The sestet may ascend
Slowly triumphant, like an organ swell
In opulent grandeur rising—pause and dwell
With gathering glories to its dolphin end :

So, oft at eve around the sunset doors,
From up-piled splendors of some crimsoned cloud
Storm-based with dark—unrolling like a scroll—
Forth th' accumulated thunder pours
Across the listening valleys, long and loud,
With low reverberations roll on roll.
—From Lloyd Mifflin's "At the Gates of Song."



THE GLOAMING.

"Let us walk in the gloaming,
Sweet maiden," he cried,
And then they went roaming
Along, side by side;
And the gloaming gloamed on
As they strolled o'er the lea,
And the lovers were pensive,
As lovers will be.

And as they were roaming
The lover essayed
To sing "In the Gloaming"—
Then halted the maid:
"Let the gloaming gloam on
If it wants to," said she,
"But I'll run if you dare, sir,
To sing it to me!"

—Cleveland Leader.

WHAT'S this? Another row at the Casino! Lederer and McLellan have had a falling out with the moneyed man of the George W. Lederer company. Mr. J. V. Jordan, vice-president of the corporation, has obtained an injunction from Judge Andrews in the Supreme Court forbidding President Lederer and Secretary McLellan from paying out any moneys. Mr. Jordan also desires an accounting.

George Lederer is not a bit pleased and is going ahead with his preparations for "The Belle of New York." When was the Casino not the very centre of broils theatrical?

This is what the *Telegraph* says of the trouble:

George Lederer, manager of the Casino, was in the best of good humor yesterday over the prospects of his new piece, "The Belle of New York."

"Some people may have thought," said he, "that the fact of Jordan having retired—that is the kindest way to express it—from the company, might have caused us some temporary financial embarrassment.

"On the contrary, we are in a better position than ever before and have backing such as no theatre on Broadway has.

"On Wednesday Mr. Jordan came to the theatre and asked me to let him back again, and offered to give me a certified check for \$10,000 to be deposited to my credit.

"My rent is paid up for another month and I am on the best of terms with my landlord."

The Nielsen-Nentwig divorce suit is to come up next month in Kansas City.

Della Fox denies the rumor that she goes with De Wolf Hopper.

The foreclosure sale of T. Henry French's interest in the American Theatre has been set for October 4, at No. 111 Broadway, D. Phoenix Ingraham & Co., auctioneers. The sale will be made under a judgment for \$38,193.21, in favor of Elliott Zborowski, joint owner in the property with Mr. French.

Miss Isadore Rush, the leading lady of Roland Reed's company, at the Bijou, was presented yesterday by some of her admirers with a bust of herself, by Emilio F. Piatti, the sculptor.

"Chuck" Connors, the Bowery actor, is quarantined at San Antonio, Tex. Never say after this that the yellow fever has not its uses.

The *Sun* published this account of the thrilling event:

There was consternation among the denizens of Chinatown yesterday, caused by a telegram which Barney Flynn, Chuck Connors' mentor, received from the star. The telegram came from San Antonio, Tex., and while it might be somewhat mystifying to outsiders, it was readily understood by Barney and the gang of which Chuck is an honorary member. This is the original:

B. Flynn, Chinatown, N. Y.:

Croakers have got us in coop. Collars with cannisters on guard. Won't take bail. Guys think we got yellor fever. Never catch me down here again if I get back to Bowery. Throw chloride of lime on this before you read it.

CHUCK.

Mr. Frohman sends the following letter as his version of the latest of the originality fights of which the profession is so full:

SIR—Some months ago Mr. Francis Powers, of San Francisco, produced

successfully a one-act Chinese play entitled "First Born," making a successful experiment of presenting a play with Chinese characters, entirely original with him. This play was secured by David Belasco and myself, and for some time we have been at work on same, getting up scenery, costumes, arranging a theatre and engaging a company. Mr. Hammerstein, of the Hammerstein Music Hall, knowing of our intention of producing this play shortly, and like in the case of "Cavalleria Rusticana," proposes producing a Chinese play on Monday night at his Music Hall, which is said to be something similar to ours, at any rate so far as the idea is concerned. I am in receipt of the following telegram from the author of our play, and the originator of a Chinese play with English actors:

"To Charles Frohman: 'First Born' absolutely original; I borrowed nothing; created everything. If Hammerstein's play same as mine, he has stolen version.

FRANCIS POWERS, Author."

I know nothing of Hammerstein's version. I, however, hand you this for your consideration. Very truly yours,

CHARLES FROHMAN.

* * *
Elvia Crox wants a divorce from Tom Seabrooke. She says that she will marry again, and anticipates that her husband will try to prevent her.

Elvia flatters herself. Tom will never interfere.

* * *
A "stereoptico-musical aggregation" from San Antonio, says the *Argonaut*, visited a neighboring Texas town. To entertain the inhabitants they impressed an old grand piano which had lain long unused in the public hall. The "professor" opened the lids and found that the keys responded pleasantly to his touch. He launched into Wagnerian melody, and a pianissimo prelude gently awakened a colony of wasps that had built a nest in a recess of the instrument during the months of its idleness. The pianist plunged into fortissimo and was startled to find the rumble and roar of his basso-profundo notes accompanied by a strange, high, angry hum. In another second, with a vicious whirr of wings, the yellow jackets were out and upon professor, "aggregation" and audience. There was a howling stampede for windows and doors; and in current history it is written that the San Antonio train, which was flagged at the crossing that night, carried away a little band of men who looked as if they had had an unvictorious encounter with a threshing machine.

* * *
The Presbyterians in England are much exercised over the idea that Ian Maclaren may be made moderator. A novelist as a moderator, they say, is too awful to contemplate.

Rest assured, good folk, you won't get a novelist. A writer of Kailyardese, but not a novelist!

* * *
Here are some late cable jottings from the *Herald*:

At present Madame Bernhardt is in Alsace. She has always refused to gratify the Germans, who must come to Paris to see her great roles, but she finally consented to appear at Strasburg during her present Continental tour. For this, however, it was necessary to receive the consent of the authorities. She wrote to them and received this answer:

"Mme. Sarah Bernhardt having on several occasions declared she would never play in Germany, we would on no account cause her to break her word. At the same time, as Strasburg happens to be peculiarly circumstanced, we are quite ready to give the authorization asked for on condition that she shall play first in another German theatre, which she may herself select."

Thereupon Madame Bernhardt refused to play either at Strasburg or anywhere on German territory. She announced her return to Paris by October 1, and, as she says, "if not to attend the première of 'Secret Service,' at least to find it the success I hope."

Speaking of theatrical matters, artists have been selected to decorate the foyer of the new Opéra Comique ceilings. They will be painted by Aimé Morot, and MM. Falguière and Antonin Mercié are each intrusted with a statue. The one by Mercié will represent Art and Dancing, but he will avoid the sensational treatment of the subject by Falguière in his realistic presentation at the Salon of Mlle. Cleo de Mérode.

Mercié has selected another opera dancer, Mlle. Regnier, but the figure will be well draped, so there is no danger of a repetition of the Mérode incident.

Paris has received word that Clara Ward-Chimay has been invited by the Sultan to give in his miniature theatre, at the Yildiz Kiosk, the entertainment forbidden in Paris and other capitals. The Sultan, when shown a photograph of Clara's figure, said he desired to make her acquaintance.

* * *
R. U. Stevens, the author of "An Enemy to the King," is to publish a novel founded on the play, with L. C. Page & Co. He has sold two new romantic plays, one to E. H. Sothern and one to Charles Frohman.

* * *
Mr. Mansfield's book, which has been announced so often before, is now promised for October.

* * *
Pierre Loti has just finished a play which is intended for the Comédie Française.

* * *
The last epigram of Sarcey is that the Providence of vaudeville writers is chance.

* * *
Ralph Bernal, a famous connoisseur, was once in the Colnaghi establish-

ment, and Dominic Colnaghi was looking over a portfolio of old prints. There was a good copy of Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation." "What do you want for that?" asked Bernal. "Three guineas," was the reply. "I'll take it," said the connoisseur. "Send it to you, Mr. Bernal?" "No, I will carry it home myself." At a glance the purchaser had read that "Modern" had been spelled "Moddern," and the additional "d" made all the difference. It was the rarest of the Hogarth impressions, and for this proof the British Museum had to pay £81. Dealers got frightened when Bernal entered their shops. The wife of a well-known print seller was tending shop when Bernal entered. As he came in, he noticed that she was hastily putting away something in an out-of-the-way drawer. The instincts of the collector were instantly awakened. "What have you got there, Mrs. Town?" he asked; "let me see it." "Oh, no, sir; it is nothing you would care about," she replied. "Come, come," said Bernal, "I know it is something good." Whereupon the bashful lady displayed to the eager eyes of the virtuoso a pair of her husband's old socks, which she had been assiduously darning when their inquisitive client entered.

LONDON, September 18.—Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter made their débüt to-night in "Francillon." It is a three-act comedy, by Alexandre Dumas fils, which was performed the first time in 1887 at the Théâtre Francaise. It has never been seen in London except in French, although Mr. Bellew and Mrs. Potter entertained the Australians with it last year. Being French, the play of course deals with marital infidelity. The husband is untrue; the wife thinks to avenge herself by pretending to him that she has followed his example. Everyone believes that she has except one friend. This friend entraps her into a confession of her innocence by declaring that her lover has also admitted their intrigue. "Then he is a liar," the wife shrieks. The husband, Lucien de Rivaralles, is impersonated by Mr. Bellew; the wife, Francine, by Mrs. Potter, and other players of the company are John Beauchamp, J. L. Mackay, Arthur Elwood, Charles Thursby, Helen Vane, Grace Noble and Marie Brooke.

Charles Frohman has bought the lease of the Duke of York's Theatre for £30,000 (\$150,000) and £500 (\$2,500) yearly.

Augustin Daly has refused a syndicate offer of £30,000 for the lease of Daly's Theatre.

The *Times* is responsible for the above statement that "Francillon" has never before been seen in English garb. That accounts for the success of Henry Arthur Jones' "The Case of Rebellious Susan," which was directly suggested by the Dumas play.

Thomas Whiffen, the actor, is dying in London.

Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott have returned from abroad.

Cleo De Méröde will not appear at Koster & Bial's until next Monday night. She doesn't dance very well, and is famous for nothing in Paris, except her hair and aristocratic connections.

Mr. E. S. Willard has arrived.

"The Swell Miss Fitzswell," by De Souchet, with May Irwin in the title role, is a success in the provinces.

Van Biene has scored a long-haired hit in "The Wandering Minstrel"—from the key I presume.

Grandma (somewhat near-sighted)—"There seems to be a kind of procession of dogs passing the window, dear." Granddaughter—"No, grandma. It's just one dog. It's a dachshund."

"Now, Professor," said the young man with musical aspirations, "I want you to tell me exactly what you think of my voice."

"No, sir," was the emphatic reply. "I see through you. You were sent here by my enemies to get me arrested for profanity."

ALBANY, September 18.—The Richard Mansfield Company was incorporated to-day with the Secretary of State to organize and manage theatrical companies, to purchase or lease theatres and to acquire and dispose of plays and operas. The principal office will be in New York city, and the capital is \$25,000. The directors are Richard Mansfield, Susan H. Mansfield, Albert M. Palmer and Joseph H. Dillon, of New York city. Susan H. Mansfield subscribes for \$24,970 of the capital stock.

Three women singers want to join the Musical Union, says the *Evening Sun*, but that organization will neither allow them to do so nor, on the other

hand, allow them to earn a living otherwise. Talk about trusts! If this isn't a case of full-grown octopus nothing is.

Augustus Cook, of Mr. Daly's Company, and the Napoleon of the English "Madame Sans Gène" company, is locked up for assaulting his wife with a knife.

This is very funny. It appeared in the *Herald*:

In Justice Neu's court, corner of Court and State streets, Brooklyn, a rather unusual suit was brought yesterday. Fahie Berkeley, of No. 64 Prospect place, was sued by H. A. Ayver, a bookbinder at No. 185 Sixth avenue, New York, for \$19, the balance of the cost of binding 600 copies of a book called "My Honeymoon Trip," written by Berkeley, who says he is the sole owner of the Brooklyn Bond, Mortgage and Title Company, and who has a law office at No. 186 Montague street. Berkeley admitted the authorship under the nom de plume of "Jean Brassey," and said the book was written for his own amusement and that of his friends.

A copy of it was in evidence. It gives his own and his bride's experiences around Niagara Falls and thereabouts. It detailed how, when and where he won Mrs. Berkeley. Besides his own labor it cost him \$180 for printing and \$90 for binding. The author of this unique book will have to pay the plaintiff the amount sued for.

What dreadful things are in store for us when every man will print at his own expense the record of his honeymoon!

Walter Wellman writes in the Chicago *Times-Herald* interesting gossip about Ibsen:

An exceedingly sly, acute and observing old man is Henrik Ibsen. The truth is, he is a *poseur*, and an inveterate one at that. Until recently his post of observation was in the public café of the hotel overlooking the street. But experience taught him that there came principally Norwegians, his townsmen, and that if he wanted to see and be seen by traveling Englishmen, Americans, French and Germans, it was necessary to go into the hotel proper. So he comes twice daily to his post in the gallery, where travelers are always getting their luncheons and taking their after-dinner coffee in the garden. One notes that his visits are timed to the hours when the greatest number of foreigners may be seen.

When he takes his seat he proceeds with deliberate fussiness to arrange his newspaper, his hat, his spectacles, his handkerchief. His shining silk chapeau is placed on a chair. Several pairs of eyeglasses are put down upon the table. Every few moments he changes glasses, always pausing to wipe again and again the pair placed upon his nose. As he reads his newspaper, apparently wrapped up in its perusal, a close observer will note that Ibsen's eyes are not upon the printed page. The sly old dog is glancing around to see if the people are watching him. If they are, and among them are ladies, an expression of self-satisfaction is seen upon his ruddy face. He is rarely without an audience. People are always watching him and talking about him. They come from other hotels to have a look at him. The landlord of the Grand proudly marches guests out into the garden to show them the great Norwegian. There is a rumor—unverified, as such things must always be—that the landlord gladly gives Ibsen his brandy and soda without charge. If he does, it is a good investment, for the old man is a great attraction.

The greatest writer in Scandinavia is fond of admiration and attention. He wears rich clothing—broadcloth of fine texture made up by a good tailor—a silk hat, patent leather boots. He carries toilet articles with him all the time, and uses them frequently. While sitting with his brandy and soda in the garden, proud to be the centre of attention for all the throng, he occasionally takes out a comb or brush and lovingly strokes his famous white side whiskers, or pokes upward his equally famous pompadour locks of snow. He often brushes his hat, too, and has a way of holding it for some moments before his face, looking down into the crown. Mr. Wellman was puzzled to know why he did this, but a little inquiry solved the problem. In the bottom of his high hat Mr. Ibsen has a small mirror. Such are the small vanities of great men."

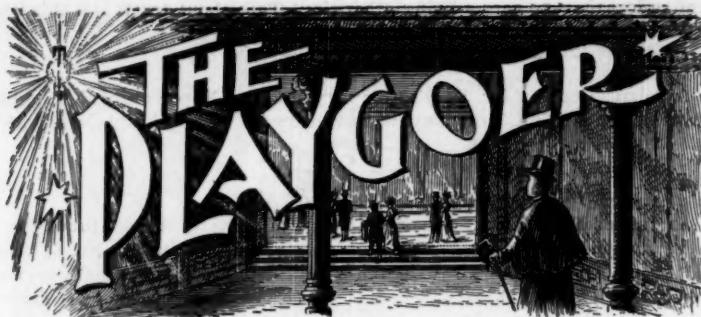
So the old man is as human as the rest of us!

Here is a startling cablegram:

PARIS, September 13.—Sarah Bernhardt, according to the *Figaro* of to-day, has just had a narrow escape from death at Belle-Isle-on-Mer, department of the Morbihan, where she is in the habit of spending the summer, and where she has a seaside villa. In attempting to clamber down the cliffs to the seashore, instead of walking down by the road, she reached a point where she was unable to advance or retreat. Her shrieks for help attracted the attention of a bather, who climbed up to the side of the actress and seized her just as the boulder to which she was clinging broke away.

While making their way down, Sarah and her rescuer lost their footing and according to the *Figaro* rolled down the cliff into the sea, being picked up by a boat which happened to be passing. The actress is reported to have been slightly crushed and bruised, while her rescuer is asserted to have sustained more serious injuries.

Being Sarah, I am disappointed that she did not roll up the cliff instead of down, like an everyday person.



C_{RITICS}, world over, are discussing the question of popular art, and indeed in these democratic days it is a reasonable polemic. Certain ingenious writers see in it a sign of the times. Writers of loftier mind are frankly disgusted at this inharmonious union of two adverse elements—art and the people. And, again, a certain class of writers sees in modern democratic art a pleasant and praiseworthy reaction against the difficult and refined art of the last generation.

The question is immensely important, nor is it easy to review.

In the first place, why should the artists bother themselves about the people? The people do not concern themselves with art. Sadly, sombrely, rather dully, the people goes about its business of collecting loaves and fishes. It has its bread and circuses, and has no disturbing passion for art.

Now and then there arises among the people an artist who is of the people and essentially for the people. Does he reach this audience at which he aims? He never reaches it.

Here, for example, you have Walt Whitman. The mental and moral fibres in him were coarse and popular. He uttered "the word Democratic, the word En-Masse." He chanted great, barbarous strophes of love and crime and brotherhood. He was gross and tuneless and tedious with the tediousness of the people. He was of the people and for the people. He sang the song of occupations, the song of the broad axe, the whaler's song; he shouted a song full of weapons and menacing points; surely here, if ever, was one whom the people should have heard.

The people shrugged and nodded and passed; it has never heard of the songs or the singer. This poet of the people has found his fame in the libraries and studies of superior men. Those curious in art study the huge, sprawling, flaming poems which were written for the people.

It is very difficult for a superior, aristocratic, cerebral man to put himself in the place of the man whose hand and brain are calloused with labor. Could one place oneself in the place of the man of the people one might possibly get at an understanding of his disregard of that art which seems especially adapted for him.

My own opinion is that the people are absolutely indifferent to all art. This is a sweeping statement, of course, and demands explanation, if not modification. You will often find average people—readers of the *Century Magazine*, quoters of Tennyson, warblers of Tosti and De Koven, people who get their pictures painted by Chase or J. G. Brown—who assert vehemently that they "love art." The assertion means nothing. Outside of this whispering tea drinking class the greater part of the people is foul.

They do not read—except the newspapers. They do not sing—save The Blow Almost Killed Father. They do not look at pictures—save in the *Journal* and the *Police Gazette*.

They have one—and only one—amusement which may possibly bring them into touch with the artistic.

And this is—
The theatre.

So.

The people disregards artistic things—democratic poetry is disdained of the democracy—it is quite in vain that democracy and art link arms and dance to the same tune—

But the people has a taste for the theatre; and since it is only by a sort of victorious, American stupidity that the theatre can be always inartistic, the people has one slight connection with art.

In Paris there is a Théâtre Civique. Its director, M. Louis Lumet, has undertaken a crusade across Paris, carrying from one labor quarter to another labor quarter his knights and squires of the popular drama. By the popular drama I mean that drama which should be liked by the populace. Under the banner "Ici on s'amuse pour dix sous" this troupe of trained comedians has toured the quarters that skirt the barriers. It has been a calm and melancholy journey. The populace has not applauded. It has stayed away and drunk its petit bleu. It has emulated the disdain of the American populace for "Leaves of Grass."

Permit me to suppose for a moment that some person in New York were as simple and self-sacrificing, as erudite and artistic as M. Louis Lumet. It

is not an impossible supposition. Such an one should be an American. He should be one of the almost extinct Americans who still believe that all men are born "free and equal," and that democracy is in itself something comely and delightful. He should believe in that tawdry commonplace of government of the people, by the people and for the people. He should be able to reconcile his theory of American freedom and equality with the pretty sway of monopolies and trusts—with the Winchester rifles in the hands of the plutocrats and the bullets in the hides of the workers. He should accept all these things. He should, in a word, be an American.

Now imagine this pleasant person setting out, as M. Lumet did, to provide artistic amusement for the dwellers in the Ghetto of the East Side, the denizens of Hell's Kitchen, the inhabitants of Little Italy.

Do you fancy he would fare any better than M. Lumet fared? Not a whit. Even here where democracy is most democratic—where indeed democracy is on trial for its life—democratic art is a monstrous impossibility.

It may be said with extreme pertinence that in this city there is no room for a theatre for the people—that is for the lower orders—since the regular play houses have already occupied the field. This is quite true. Hoyt's Theatre is not very far removed from Mr. Miner's Eighth Avenue Theatre. Nor does the bill of fare differ greatly. The Empire and the Lyceum are merely one remove from the theatres on the Bowery and Third avenue. All of them cater for the lower orders—for those who are low in morals, low in intellects, low in taste. They provide inartistic plays, because their patrons—the people—are inartistic, and indeed, anti-artistic.

Here there is no need of a Théâtre du Peuple.

On the contrary, what is needed is a theatre for the better classes, the higher classes—those high in morals, high in intellects, high in taste. Mr. C. Frohman, Mr. D. Frohman, Mr. Hayman, Mr. McCormick, Mr. French, Mr. Miner, Mr. Daly and Mr. Robie provide for the people—for those whose taste is graded down from the *Police Gazette* to the *Century*.

Who is furnishing dramatic amusement for the intellectual, aristocratic, cerebral, artistic man?

No one, my friends—unless it be Herr Conried, whose little playhouse now and then inadvertently attains artistic significance.

The trouble is that the Americans of a finer breed are so quagmired in democracy that they cannot bestir themselves for their own good. The vulgar rich and the vulgar poor have combined to bounce them out of their inheritance. They are inconsiderable and unconsidered. No books are written for them. No pictures are painted for them. No plays are produced for them. The very statues in the parks deride them.

In a democracy the cerebral man is always homeless—an exile from his generation.

I have said that Mr. Conried, of the Irving Place Theatre, is the only instructed literate, artistic and contemporary manager in this city. I have said the truth. Mr. Conried is in touch with modernity. You have not, I trust, forgotten his strenuous and efficient production of *The Weavers*.

There was a play for the people.

I hold it to be a great merit in Gerardt Hauptmann that he discerned that the principal actor of a theatre for the people must be—the people. In *The Weavers* the characters that detach themselves now and again from the mob are not the heroes of the play. The weight of the drama is carried by that growling monster—the mob.

One of the Hervey had done Dr. Samuel Johnson a good turn and the old critic's gratitude found expression in the remark: "If you called a dog Hervey I should love it." In much the same way were the sorriest dog to run up to me in Broadway and intimate that his name was Marcel Schwob, I should acknowledge my affection for it.

He has done me many and many a good turn—Marcel Schwob. Did he not write *Spicilèze* and those marvelous *Mimes*? He did me a good turn, too, when he wrote *Le Roi au Masque d'Or* and the *Book of Monelle*—an excellent good turn.

I drink to you, oversea, mon ami!

"My love to Marcel Schwob," said Robert Louis Stevenson in the last letter he wrote.

Man of the merry, mondains eyes—head of a Benedictine monk—prosit!

Somewhere or other, someone or someone else compared Marcel Schwob to Erasmus. I like that comparison, for by it I understand that Marcel Schwob has an open mind and a frank heart, that he is at home in all the camps of literature. It was his friend and my confrère, the estimable Dutchman Byvauch, who said that Schwob was not one of the fakirs of art, who preempt a little corner of the broad land of letters. On the contrary, Marcel Schwob sets forth foot-free over the land of letters. No part of life is alien to him. He would have been as much interested in a father of the Church of the third century as in the murderer whom he visited a few weeks ago "in order to study the soul of an assassin." He who recites as none other can the *Bateau Ivre* of Rimbaud, has told the pious story of Saint Julien L'Hospitalier, has signed the best French pages ever written on George Meredith and Robert Louis Stevenson, is an accomplished "Villonist," and is on intimate terms with the ghost of Aristophanes and the soul of Dante. Truly, he has a *Cœur double*, which is far better than Tartarin's double muscles.

A worthy man—an admirable and literate man—I drink to him oversea!
VANCE THOMPSON.

Books of the Week.

I HAVE received from Harper & Brothers a copy of Henry Demorest Lloyd's "Wealth Against Commonwealth." The book is no longer in the first flush of youth. It has already attained a wide publicity, in spite of the fact that it has been neglected by the daily press.

* * *

And just here let me say that the book reviewing in the daily press is just about as bad as ignorance and carelessness can make it. In New York there are one or two capable reviewers employed on the daily press—men like Dithmar, of the *Times*. They are few and far between. The *Tribune* turns its books over to a woman, whose manners are doubtless charming, but whose intellectuals are deficient. The *Sun* does little more than eviscerate the books of the day in order to get "copy." The *Post* is the only evening newspaper that makes any pretense of erudite criticism. Its criticisms on philological works are singularly fine, but one cannot live on philology alone.

The cause of the trouble, it would seem, lies in the illiteracy of the chief editors. The editors know nothing of literature and care less. The result is seen in the pages filled with book reviews. You see columns devoted to the epicene mawkishness of persons like Mrs. Burnett, while books of serious import, in which readers might possibly take a sane interest, are neglected quite.

* * *

I have said before in this journal that the chief menace of the future is the greed of the unintelligent rich and the despair of the unintelligent poor. In "Wealth Against Commonwealth" the case is stated with extreme clearness and daring emphasis. It is not a plea for this or a plea for that; it is a summing up; the judgment is based on facts that have stood the test of the courts. The account it gives of American life is so true that it is almost a commonplace, and yet to the casual reader it will prove as startling as the explosion of a bomb. Here are a few phrases which will put you in a position to understand the aim and end of the book:

"What we call monopoly is business at the end of its journey. The concentration of wealth, the wiping out of the middle classes are other names for it. To get it is, in the world of affairs, the chief end of man."

"There are no solitary truths," Goethe says, and monopoly, as the greatest business fact of our civilization, which gives to business what other ages gave to war and religion, is our greatest social, political and moral fact."

This is true enough, and it explains, though it does not justify, the bitterness with which the partisans of each side carry on the discussion. The monopolists of to-day fill the place held by the robber barons of feudal days; it is inevitable that they should be cursed by those they harry. Mr. Demorest, however, does not deal in the simple thoughtlessness of cursing. He is an equable writer and has thought. Moreover, he does not deal in conjecture. Out of the official records—records of Congress and State Legislatures, commissions and criminal courts—he has quarried his facts. You will find them in his book—stark and strenuous enough, I assure you.

* * *

According to Mr. Demorest, the record of capital is singularly bloody and lawless. The secretary of a trust attempted to blow up a rival factory; he was caught red-handed. This was in Chicago. Had the fellow been an anarchist, he would have been hanged out of hand. But he was a capitalist—more, he was an accredited agent of monopoly. He did not even bother to attend court, and his trial ended in a complicitment.

Very interesting is the account—complete enough in its way—which Mr. Demorest gives of the rise and growth of the Standard Oil concern from its small beginning until it attained a power that not only defied State Legislatures, but dictated national legislation and easily corrupted the United States courts. It is a strange history. It reads like the history of some feudal Goetz von Berlichingen. Here there is trust jubilation over the cheating of a widow and orphans; there a triumphant yell at the blowing up of a rival factory; cheating, pilfering, bulldozing, forgery, arson—all this going hand in hand with loud hallelujahs in Baptist churches, with cant in Baptist Sunday-schools, and loudly trumpeted "gifts" to colleges. Truly, this is a strange "business enterprise." Still, it is only one among many; it is no more lawless than the others; it is illustrative not so much of the greed and hypocrisy of the ignorant rich as it is of the social conditions of this age and this country.

* * *

There are many, I dare say, who want to know how the Captains of Industry are ruling the land; how it is that a civilization that professes the religion of the Golden Rule and the political economy of service for service, comes to divide its produce into incalculable power and pleasure for the few and a lean and partial existence for the many. They will find the answer to these questions in "Wealth Against Commonwealth."

* * *

A NEW POETESS.

"Whisperings of a Wind-Harp" has been "printed for the author" on rough brown paper and is stitched up in a brick red cover. The poems are by Miss Anne Throop, and Sadakichi Hartmann has contributed a preface, which he frankly admits is a "prose poem." From Mr. Hartmann's preface I learn that a "lady, dressed in the melancholy color of fading sunsets, opened her pale lips" and asked for a harp, to "reverberate the various elements of life that seem to go like tunes in my head, the water one way, the wind another, and—the lyric flight of those white birds."

What happened was this: "Her favorite page, dressed in black, with the psychological awkwardness and erotic subtlety of some young pre-Raphaelite maiden, who for the first time has donned doublet and hose on the stage of life," scoured the

country for such an instrument. In the end he stole it from a dryad who was lifting "large cold pieces to the celadon sky," and brought it to the lady.

"And the harp (not a door-harp that jangles when somebody enters, but a true wind-harp) hung in the hall near a window flamboyant with decadent faith."

Miss Anne Throop, it is to be presumed, has recorded the songs of this true wind-harp.

* * *

Miss Throop has—like many young women of the day—a feeling for verbal music and a certain moodiness and modishness of thought, out of which tolerable verse may be made. But Miss Throop is not content to write album verses. She strains after the moons and seas; she has theories of life; she shouts shrill strophes which seem like angry feminine echoes of Goethe; and then she has read Walt Whitman. It is really not at all the sort of verse one would expect from a young woman.

Perhaps you would like to read

THE SONG OF THE EARTH BORN.

The Earth has told me a strange, strange tune
Out of her bosom—
Her rune, her rune.

Only to hear it and sing all day,
This is my play, my play.

To hear it and weep all night,
This is my plight, is my plight.

Soon she her wonderful sleep will give;
I sing and wail;
I live, I live!

* * *

THE RELIGION OF BEAUTY.

Robert de la Sizeranne is one of those rare men who have made a reputation on one book. His admirable "La Peinture Anglaise Contemporaine" carried his name far and wide. This was natural and indeed inevitable. It has become the standard work on contemporary English painting.

M. Sizeranne has sent me his latest book, "Ruskin et La Religion de la Beauté," (Librairie Hachette et Cie., Paris). I beg leave to acknowledge it in this public fashion.

* * *

For many years M. de la Sizeranne has been engaged on this book. Its preparation has been an arduous labor of love. He has known Ruskin. He has studied the man and his books; he has seen the workings out of the religion of beauty in "Ruskin societies," in the Westmoreland cottage, in Manchester, in the art and letters of the day. He has followed Ruskin's footprints—artistic footprints, these; psychological stations—over Europe; in Switzerland, at Florence, at Venice, at Amiens, on the banks of the Rhine, or of the Arno, wherever Ruskin studied and worked, there his biographer and critic has studied and worked after him.

A method so ample and orderly, joined to high literary ability and aesthetic sense of a fine order, could have only one result. I have read M. de la Sizeranne's book twice, and I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best book on Ruskin that has yet been written in any language.

These be strong words, I admit, but I write them with due care and frugal enthusiasm. I know Collingwood's "Life and Work of John Ruskin," Cook's "Studies of Ruskin," and William Smart's excellent and illuminative volumes on "Mr. Ruskin and His Platonism."

And yet I should advise even the English reader to turn to this French book.

* * *

The earlier chapters are devoted to Ruskin's life—the psychology of his boyhood and early manhood, the growth in him of the idea of beauty and the passion for art. The picture stands out with marvelous clearness. For the first time you feel that you know John Ruskin.

I thought I knew Ruskin; I had studied his pages for years; like Mr. Elbert Hubbard, I had made a pilgrimage to Coniston Lake and the cottage; but I may as well admit that I owe my best knowledge of Ruskin to M. de la Sizeranne. After all, the French are the only masters of the art of literary portraiture.

* * *

Peculiarly suggestive is the emphasis the author lays upon Ruskin—this dreamer and mystic—as a man of action. Thus, somewhere or other, Ruskin wrote that it was necessary to spread a taste for the arts among the masses. Having written this, he translated it into action—teaching drawing in a night school, founding the famous museum near Sheffield, establishing the Ruskin Museum at Oxford. Perhaps his most notable work in this line was the creation of the St. George's Guild, with the purpose of preserving some little corner of English land from the ravages of the steam engine and the befoulement of the factory. At Mickley he reconstituted the pleasant peaceful village life of the Middle Ages—at the cost of a small fortune.

* * *

Unfortunately I cannot follow M. de la Sizeranne in his fascinating journey through the life of Ruskin. I can only repeat what I have said, that his book contains the best history which has yet been written of Ruskin's life and thought and influence.

And then M. de la Sizeranne writes—not as a disciple, but as a critic. His book is an uncommonly brilliant example of constructive criticism.

VANCE THOMPSON.

M. Silvain, of the Comedy Francaise, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honor during the late theatrical performances at the old Roman theatre at Orange.

* * *

The veteran pianist De Kontski is reported to be touring in Eastern Siberia. The Czar has determined to abolish the punishment of exile to Siberia. Cause and effect, it may be presumed.

Monday Night's Plays.

"HALF A KING," with Francis Wilson and Lulu Glaser, came back to town last Monday night at the Broadway Theatre. A newcomer, Miss Gwynne, made a very pleasing impression.

Martha Morton's new comedy, "A Bachelor's Romance," is harmless, and suits Sol Smith Russell's provincial style very well. It was done at the Garden Theatre night before last and achieved a fair measure of success. Of course Mr. Russell is not an actor, and his personality is better suited to the lecture and star course platform. He was well supported by Annie Russell, Blanche Walsh, Orrin Johnson, William Sampson and Margaret Robinson. The sort of audiences that enjoy the Eden Musée will find Mr. Russell a great treat.

Despite the managerial row, "The Cat and the Cherub," Mr. Fernald's Chinese play, was successfully produced at the Olympia Monday night.

The Lilliputians returned to the Star Monday night in a novelty, "The Fair in Midgettown."

"The Geisha" was given at Yonkers Monday, in spite of Mr. Daly's efforts to enjoin it.

RABELAIS pointed out that the Parisians were more easily drawn together by a fiddler or a mule with bells than by an evangelical preacher—a peculiarity they still retain. But Paris no longer wears the fool's cap of the world. It has lost that distinction. The folly of New York is far more foolish. Paris, for example, never paid any attention to "Cléo de Mérode." At least it never permitted her to prate of art. She was a tenth-rate dancer, as inconspicuous as the other hired dancers of the opera. Her amours gave her a passing notoriety, and her name was used to point certain jests and pleasantries—not always in the best taste.

This tenth-rate dancer came to New York last week. The intelligent daily press gave up not columns, but pages, to her and her opinions and to discussions of her amours and "arts." Had she been a "mule with bells" there had been more sense in it.

The New York public will put up with any amount of this sort of thing. It is unquestionably the silliest public on the round earth. It has earned the right to wear the cap and bells and carry the bauble.

In Paris Cléo de Mérode earns \$40 a month, dancing inconspicuously in the ballet of the Opéra House. Her artistic value is exactly \$40 a month—not one brown copper more. Her New York employers announce that they pay her \$9,000 a month. Perhaps they lie. Probably they lie. And yet there is no doubt that they pay the woman one hundred times as much as she can gain by exhibiting herself in Paris.

Why? Not because the managers are utter fools, but because they know the public is a conglomerate fool. They expect to get a return on the investment. That they have not judged entirely amiss is evident from the hysterical advertising the daily press has given them. The yellow journals have simply wantoned in pictures, interviews, descriptions—the Lord knows what! The space in the yellow journals is not worth very much, but still it would have cost a pretty figure to have paid at advertising rates for the space that has been devoted to this tenth-rate dancer. Having cozened the newspapers, the music hall people are probably right in assuming that they can also cozen the public.

Has not the public always been cozened?

Always it has sufficed to bring over from Europe some tenth-rate artist—boom him in the daily press—and the blessed American public will accept him at face value.

How often has Jean Reszké been heard on the Continent or in Great Britain? What audience has he abroad? What clientèle has he ever had out of America?

Only at rare intervals is he heard in Europe. There no great demand for his services makes itself heard. He is lost in a mob of equally competent artists.

It is only the asinine American public that ever dreamed of craning him into eminence.

The same is true of Paderewski.

How often, think you, does Paderewski get the ear of Europe?

Only at long intervals.

However, he has but to come to America, and the unjudging, unknowing public gives ear to him, and throws its pocketbook at his head.

We might as well admit it—we Americans—we are cozened by the tenth-rate. We are the fools of shrewd and unscrupulous managers—the fools of all the art adventurers of Europe.

What ho! there; the cap and bells.

The Stage Abroad.

THE first play ever written by Henri Meilhac, when he was a shop boy in Hachette's book store and was drawing caricatures for comic papers, bore the title of "Reality." It was a comedy of manners in five acts, and was rejected by all the theatre directors in turn.

The plot was full of reminiscences of "Manon Lescaut" and "The Lady of Camellias." The hero, Léon—in 1885 lovers were always called Léon or Armand—is in love with Juliette, an actress at the Variétés. They love each other strongly and madly, but, as he has no money, after a brief experience of juvenile affection, the young lady returns to the society of her wealthier admirers, who hang jewels all over her and give her little houses in the country. The young man returns to the bosom of his respectable family and marries a respectable young lady, likewise of a respectable family; then all is over.

There is rather an amusing portion of the unpublished play in the scene where Armand or Léon is wondering how he can make money enough to satisfy the caprices of Juliette. Being a very young man, he hesitates whether he should adopt journalism or devote himself to literature with a big L.

One of his serious friends told him to adopt literature, and then continued: "I should like to see you look less after ladies and devote more time to books. I would like to disabuse you of the idea that literature is a trade which brings in the greatest profit with the least possible trouble. You want to make your entry into life by means of pleasant paths. I should like to see you enter it by the gate of labor. No great success is attained without great exertion."

The friend goes on with these moral remarks till Léon finds him tedious.

Then another one comes. This one talks about literature and debts. "In literature," says he, "you have to work very hard to get one-half of what you need, and then when you run into debt there comes the sheriff's officer—now, don't go and say anything bad about debt. There is no eminent man who hasn't debts. Life is a struggle in which each man tries to borrow five dollars from the friend on his right and labors not to have to lend them to his neighbor on his left. Talk of running into debt, why debts ought to be encouraged. A strong man with a lot of debts about his neck will move mountains."

In the second act Meilhac makes his hero say: "When a manager is in love with an actress she is the only one who has any talent."

He continues: "A witty saying. When an ordinary man says anything of the kind it is called a gag; when a distinguished man utters it then you call it a bon mot," and "A mean man is only mean when he won't lend you anything."

In the fifth act Léon is back in Havre; there he is in business and utters his opinions upon mercantile transactions. "We buy things for five franc pieces and sell them for thirty." The final conclusion of the whole matter to him is "Money is better than fame. Lots of money will bring you some fame, but a little fame won't bring you a cent."

Leoncavallo's Pagliacci has been produced in Rome without music, simply as a drama. It has had such great success that all the directors in Italy are looking after it.

A learned man who wrote in the Paris *Progrès Médical* says that there is theatre sickness just like a sea sickness. This sickness, which often involves the care of a physician, shows itself by dizziness, loss of consciousness and sometimes absolute fainting. It usually attacks persons who have gone into an overheated theatre too soon after dinner. The remedies that this learned man describes are what any old woman in the world would prescribe. Put the patient in a reclining position, let her have some fresh air, rub her temples with cold water and let her sniff of eau de Cologne.

Pauline Lucca once intended to write an autobiography. The title is called "Leaves of Recollection," and the beginning of her manuscript, which consists of only fourteen pages, is as follows: "I have long intended to write my earlier life, not because it contains many interesting events, but simply and solely in order that in my later years I might be able to revive some recollections of my youth and institute a comparison between then and now. On the whole I am no friend of the so-called diary; a good deal of trouble and annoyance has been caused by them."

These memoirs of Lucca only extend to her first appearance as solo singer in a church.

At a benefit performance at Asnières, in which Reichemburg, Delna and other stars, as well as the principal chansonniers of Montmartre, will appear, visitors are requested to appear in bicycle costume.

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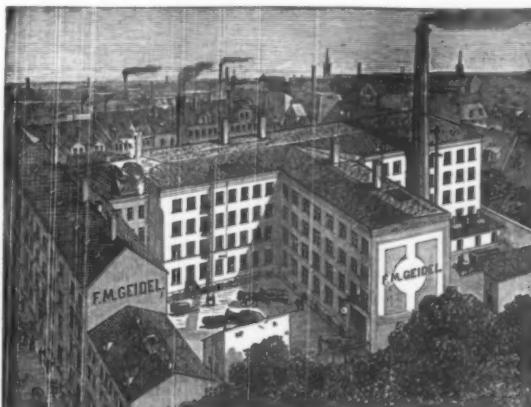
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